The Passion Play at Oberammergau

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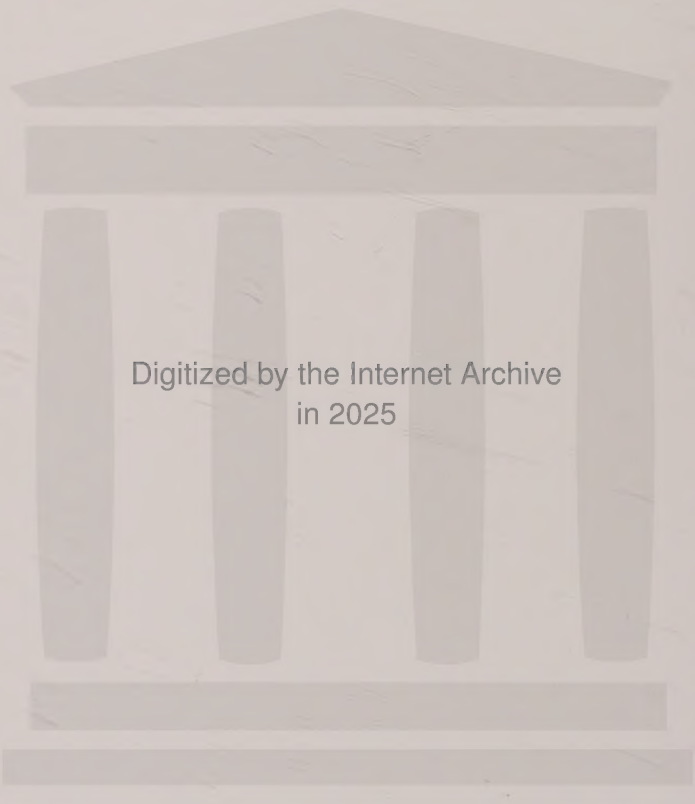
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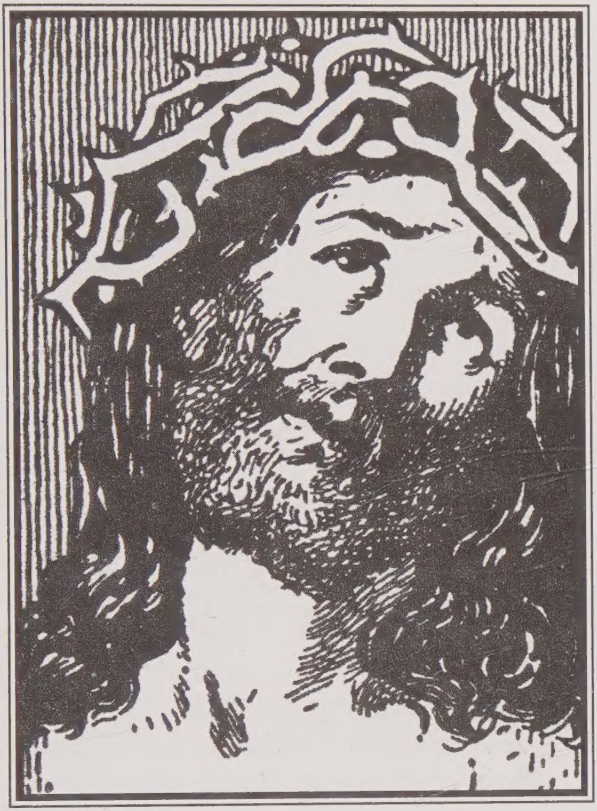

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Circa 1910 *Passion Play* frontispiece.

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The Passion Play of Oberammergau:

An Historical Introduction

Had it not been for one particular event on a certain day some 2,000 years ago, the bizarre and particularly brutal ancient Roman practice of crucifixion would have undoubtedly been forgotten. While perhaps millions died this way, it was the destruction of just one being upon the Cross that captured the attention of history.

Although the crucifixion of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus The Christ, has been commemorated in countless illustrations and even film, Mel Gibson's monumental *The Passion of the Christ* brought home the reality of our Lord's last hours in a fashion unlike anything ever seen.

Gibson's film was not only a gigantic box-office smash in the United States—despite determined efforts to stop the film from being distributed—but it also was a major sensation, received favorably in all Muslim nations where Christ is revered as a prophet. In addition, when the film was screened for Christian audiences in Malaysia and in Indonesia, the world's largest Muslim republic, *The Passion of the Christ* received popular acclaim.

Audiences worldwide—Christian and Muslim alike, united in a way they had never been before—watched—in horror—as the Jews of Christ's day cried "Crucify Him!" over and over, while the Roman governor, Pilate, stood by, astounded by the frenzy.

We watched, transfixed, as the Roman soldiers flogged the

Savior mercilessly. But we did not hear angry cries of "anti-Romanism" being leveled at Gibson, whose soldiers were portrayed as the most vicious villains ever shown in a major motion picture.

Although Gibson was widely defamed as "anti-Semitic," for bringing the Scriptures to life, it is notable that he deliberately did not include the historically correct scene in which the Jewish crowds cried out, "May his blood be upon us and our children." Gibson initially included that scene in the film, but he deleted it from the final "cut" in an effort to pacify his critics. Gibson even invented a scene in which Jesus is defended by some Jews offended at the treatment of Jesus by the Jewish high priests, although this is not in the Bible. So Gibson could, in fact, be accused of altering history—for the benefit of his critics, most of whom were Jewish.

And while Gibson's critics loudly and repeatedly claimed that the images of the Jewish High Priests in *The Passion of the Christ* were "classic anti-Semitic stereotypes," the truth is that there were no "classic anti-Semitic stereotypes"—however defined. The very woman who so gently and with so much dignity portrayed Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a Jewish actress!

To add to the hypocrisy, many critics—*including Hollywood moguls who had produced some of the most violent motion pictures of all time*—condemned Gibson for the "excessive violence" shown on film.

The basic problem, it seems, with Gibson's film is that it demonstrates how truly savage and evil the crucifixion of Christ really was. Never before had it been presented in such a graphic, true-to-life way.

As recently as March 15, 2005, the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) of B'nai B'rith, a particularly shrill and vicious critic of Gibson and his film, declared that "In a world where anti-Semitism is on the rise and the classical canard that 'the Jews

killed Jesus' is being promulgated, Mr. Gibson has unfortunately become a contributor." The ADL claims to fear that Gibson's film "will become the definitive version for the holy season, bringing to life on screen the most vicious anti-Semitic elements of traditional Passion Plays." And that brings us to the *Passion Play* of Oberammergau.

The attacks on Gibson's film are an echo of similar charges made by the very same sources against one particular previous (and still ongoing) presentation of Christ's sacrifice, the historic *Passion Play* presented by the townspeople of Oberammergau, a small community in Bavaria in southwestern Germany, a town that, today, still constitutes hardly more than 5,000 souls.

Staged 40 times—every ten years (with multiple presentations on a periodic basis over several months—since its premier on Pentecost in the year 1634, the six-hour *Passion Play* was last presented in 2000. In recent decades as many as 500,000 people in total have attended the various presentations, some 5,000 people per presentation—clearly no small venture. The next scheduled presentations will be in the year 2010—unless, of course, the critics of the *Passion Play* finally succeed in shutting it down altogether.

The basic history of the *Passion Play of Oberammergau* is remarkable. In the middle of the Thirty Years War, after months of suffering and death from the plague, the Oberammergauers swore an oath that they would perform the "Play of the Suffering, Death and Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ" every ten years. At Pentecost 1634, they fulfilled their pledge for the first time on a stage in a cemetery—above the fresh graves of the plague victims.

The production of the *Passion Play* became a major project for the entire village, with young and old alike involved. The Oberammergauers spent vast time and energy building sets, preparing elaborate historic costumes, rehearsing their parts,

truly making the *Passion Play* a community event in the grandest sense of the word: the play literally has had the proverbial "cast of thousands," with as many as 2,200 people participating—almost half the people of Oberammergau.

In Oberammergau, some young folks who started out playing extra roles on the sidelines ultimately came to play major parts themselves. Some "passed down" particular roles from father to son and mother to daughter. Originally, only Roman Catholics in good standing could participate and only if they were Oberammergauers for at least 20 years. (Recently, Muslims living in Oberammergau were permitted to appear in the play, but only as Roman soldiers.) Every person wearing a beard in the play had to have a real beard. Participants went to great efforts to maintain their beards in preparation for the play.

As the years went by, word about the *Passion Play* spread across Europe. Growing numbers came—almost as a pilgrimage—every time the play was presented. As mass communication developed, the story of the *Passion Play* spread throughout the entire world. By the late 19th century, audience members came from not just Europe, but around the globe. The *Passion Play* was emerging as a legend.

The Oberammergauers were totally committed to the oath of their forebears and remain so to this day. However, as the 20th century dawned and the world became ever more complicated, the steadfast commitment of the Oberammergauers was confronted by outsiders with an agenda all their own. Perhaps not surprisingly, virtually all of the opposition to the *Passion Play* came from the outspoken leadership of Jewish circles, particularly in the far-off United States. The critics of the *Passion Play* worked relentlessly to defame it.

One of the early American critics of the play was Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf who—in 1901—penned a screed entitled *A Rabbi's Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play*. The rabbi

was one of the world's best-known Jewish scholars. This religious scholar had some choice words for the *Passion Play*. Krauskopf bitterly described the story of Christ's final hours as presented in the play as "that cruel story that has caused more misery, more innocent suffering, than any other work of fiction in the range of the whole world's literature."

The Oberammergauers—who based the play on the four Biblical Gospels of Mark, Matthew, Luke and John—along with Christians across the planet, would take exception to the rabbi's harsh judgment. Echoing a common complaint of Jews throughout history, the rabbi was suggesting that the *Passion Play*—by commemorating the crucifixion of Christ by the Jews—was responsible for anti-Jewish feelings commonplace among European peoples.

The Rabbi also added:

> **Indirectly, these miracles, that are proven scientifically impossible, historically unfounded, philosophically irrational, scripturally not only contradictory, but also, when not obvious invention, manifestly the hallucinations of emotional men and hysterical women, indirectly these miracles, that are but faithful copies of the kind credited to the saints and martyrs of the second century, the century during which the gospels grew, and during which the blending of Jewish credulity and Pagan superstition rendered the mind especially susceptible to belief in the supernatural, indirectly, I repeat, these miracles throw considerable side-light on the general reliability of the gospel stories, in which the Jew is so heinously vilified.**

Today, the thinking of Rabbi Krauskopf reverberates in the words of another rabbi, Simon Jacobson, the editor in chief for the orthodox Lubavitch International, who wrote on February 26, 2004 that the Jewish holiday of Purim was "the best

response" to Gibson's film. That so-called "best response" is rather frightening. Few Christians know that Purim celebrates the execution of Haman, an anti-Jewish official serving the Persian king, *but also the mass murder of some 75,000 Persians* who were perceived to be joining with Haman.

Although the story of Haman is told in the Book of Esther in the Old Testament, many modern-day Jewish scholars say the story is apocryphal, but one which has nonetheless remained the source of an important holiday of the Jewish faith. So if mass murder is a response to renditions of the passion of Christ, Mel Gibson and the Oberammergauers may have something to keep in mind.

And that brings us to the book you now hold in your hands.

This is a valuable relic of traditional Christian history. There is nothing like it available anywhere else. And you can be assured that the enemies of the *Passion Play*—and Christendom—will do all in their power to see to it that this volume is suppressed and burned, just as the early enemies of Christianity worked assiduously to suppress the Christian faith in its infancy.

And it should be noted, at this juncture, that—sad though it may be—this volume is actually a more accurate rendition of the original *Passion Play* as it was presented from its original offering in 1634 and up until the 1980 presentation. That year, under pressure from Jewish critics, revisions were made in the play. This laid the groundwork for additional changes made in 1990 and in the "new"—even more censored—version that debuted in 2000.

This volume is not a "translation" of the historic uncensored Oberammergau script, *per se*, but is, instead, an early 20th century English-language descriptive account of the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau as compiled by an observer who saw the play in 1910. A reading of the actual script of the *Passion Play*—or really of any play or any modern-day motion picture whatsoever—can be quite dry, even wooden. The words of a script do not always

capture the nuances of the action onstage or the elements of a scene. A simple script is nothing like viewing an actual play or a film, no matter how dramatic nor no matter how eloquent the words spoken.

However, this rendition of the *Passion Play* is unique. Not only does it accurately reflect the traditional script of the play, but it also incorporates verbal imagery to describe what is happening in the play itself. In short, it is almost like reading a thrilling, colorful and epic novel.

Thanks to intense pressure from Jewish critics and their "politically correct" allies, the traditional script of the *Passion Play* was quite substantially altered by the time of the 2000 presentation. Here, for the historical record, in the very words of the Oberammergauer's chief tormentors, the whip-wielders of the ADL, are the descriptions of the corruptions that were incorporated under pressure.

- Many of the characters of the new script do not appear as Jews grabbing for money, but as simple citizens of the city of Jerusalem;
- Hebrew names are mixed with Greek names, representing the different sectors of Jewish society;
- Some characters like Dathan, the merchant, who was the liaison between the chief priest, Caiphas, and Pilate, the Roman governor, are not mentioned in the new script;
- The negative character of "the Rabbi" has been eliminated;
- Jesus is called "Rabbi," stressing Jesus' "Jewishness";
- The term "Old Testament" is replaced by the term "Hebrew Bible";
- The phrase from Matthew 27:25, "the blood be upon us," has been taken out;
- A reference to the disappearance of Judaism because of Jewish denial of Jesus has been removed;

- The crowd before Pilate is now divided between those who are for and against Jesus;
- Judas has been de-demonized; he comes across more humanly now, rather than as a stereotyped figure who, in Christian history, has too often been easily identified in a negative manner with Judaism. The very similarity of the names, Judas and Judaism, unfortunately lends itself to this deleterious identification;
- The term "Pharisee" has been eliminated from the text whenever the opponents of Jesus came to the fore. This, too, is an important change. For the term "Pharisee" has, over the centuries, been unwarrantedly loaded with opprobrium and, at the same time, often closely identified with Jews and Judaism in a negative manner;
- Jesus Says a Blessing in Hebrew.

The ADL asserted that these corruptions were "a great improvement over previous texts." Yet despite the changes that it forced the organizers to incorporate, the ADL still complains, saying:

> **There is still, however, a serious problem and concern about the very negative presentation of Jewish leadership in the complex society of the First Century. It implies a sense of community guilt for Jesus' death, minimizing Pilate's and Roman responsibility for the death of Jesus.**
>
> **Passion Plays are, in general, sources of theological anti-Judaism and do not help to improve the relationship of Christians and Jews. It is equally important to point out that Jews are not against the Passion of Jesus, but are deeply concerned with the presentation of the Passion without an explanation that avoids any anti-Jewish theological or anti-Semitic interpretation.**

As such, the ADL still continues to bewail even the script which incorporates its own changes.

The ADL cites the following so-called "problems with the present script" (that is, as the *Passion Play* is scheduled to be presented in 2010.):

> **The Temple's leaders are called High Council instead of referring directly to the priesthood and its organization of the Temple in Jerusalem. The Sanhedrin is mentioned only once, though there is no specification about which kind of Sanhedrin was operating in the Temple and in Jerusalem at that time.**
>
> **Unfortunately, the Passion Play, because of its very nature as a play, cannot go into detail about the complicated organization of Jewish life in the first century.**
>
> **For this reason it would be advisable to take out the reference to the Sanhedrin in the latest script of the play.**
>
> **What is of serious concern is the fact that the High Council and the leadership of the Temple, headed by Caiphas, are violently against Jesus, accusing him of violation of Jewish religious law, and accusing him of being a revolutionary leader against Roman power. Caiphas and his associates appear as unconditional allies of Roman power and their accusations against Jesus are both theological and political.**
>
> **The general sense of the script is of "Jewish power" against Jesus. From that concept to the idea of deicide, there is one step and it is very easy to understand that following the present dialogues of Caiphas and his fellow priests, and Caiphas and Pilate.**
>
> **It is important, however, that the script points out that Nicodemus, a Pharisee, talks in favor of Jesus, following the Gospel tradition, as did other Jews, and it is in clear contraposition with Caiphas and his allies. This is shown in the new script but Caiphas and his group appear as a powerful opponent that silences Nicodemus and those critical of the Temple bureaucracy.**

The ADL is particularly concerned that the *Passion Play*'s script still presents Roman governor Pontius Pilate in a reasonably favorable light.

The ADL complains that:

> **Pilate appears, in general, as a person who is maneuvered by Caiphas and the priestly Jewish elite. The new script, however, has Pilate saying that he nominated Caiphas for his present position (which was the way during those days).**
>
> **The priestly position was generally bought by influential families as a way of enhancing their power. Pilate was a very evil personality and finally ended his days in Rome being accused by Roman authorities of brutality.**

Here's what the ADL says about future presentations of the play, issuing directives to private religious groups, tourist associations, travel agencies, etc as to how they should deal with the *Passion Play*.

> **The *Passion Play* is presented as a religious event, without any history of its past and present problems. The Oberammergau *Passion Play* still projects a very negative view of Jewish leadership in the complex society of the First Century, implying a sense of community guilt for Jesus' death, and minimizing Pilate's and Roman responsibility.**
>
> **It is suggested that tourist agencies or different organizing groups alert participants to the problems related to the presentation of Jews and Judaism in the play, and its theological anti-Jewish projections, which prepared the atmosphere for the Holocaust, a painful reality in the nearby Dachau concentration camp.**

In all fairness to the ADL, however, it is appropriate to note

again that the American Jewish Committee (AJC) has also been in the forefront of attacking the *Passion Play*.

And that is precisely why this special uncensored account of the *Passion Play* is all the more important, if Christians are to restore and preserve their Scriptural traditions.

Although the leaders of the Jewish people in America constantly express concern that widespread (and growing) criticism of the worldwide Jewish community stems from historic Christian-based theological foundations, these same groups do not seem to realize that their own efforts to rewrite traditional and historic Christian texts such as the *Passion Play* actually tend to backfire against them, no doubt creating "anti-Semitism."

In a remarkable essay in his own work, *Populism vs. Plutocracy: The Universal Struggle*, Willis A. Carto examined Christ's message—particularly His historic challenge to the Temple profiteers, the infamous "money changers" (read "usurers") whom Christ drove from the Jewish house of worship. Carto concluded that Christ was very much a revolutionary (in more than just the religious realm) and for that reason, if for nothing more, the Pharisees of His day could not permit Christ to continue to challenge their authority. "By taking the law into His own hands," wrote Carto, "by personally resorting to force and violence, He instantly became the targeted victim of the Jewish establishment. Within three days He was crucified."

Yet Christ's words still reverberate and inspire millions. Let His message continue to be heard. This volume, the traditional, uncensored rendition of the *Passion Play*, survives as a record of *what was and what is*: the Passion of the Christ that is so central to the Christian faith.

Michael Collins Piper
Washington, D.C.
Good Friday, 2005

THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU
NESTLED AMONGST THE ETERNAL HILLS.

OBER AMMERGAU AND ITS VOW.

We found ourselves one drizzling Saturday night in Ober Ammergau. For bringing me to Ober Ammergau I felt grateful to Caspar Schuchler. Poor Caspar Schuchler! He deserved well of posterity, although he played a scurvy trick to his contemporaries, for which the fates promptly exacted capital punishment. Caspar Schuchler was a humble day labourer of Ober Ammergau, who lived in the reigns of our Queen Elizabeth and King James just about the time the Pilgrim Fathers settled in America.

In old days, as far back, it is said, as the twelfth century, there had been a Passion Play performed in the little village, but towards the close of the sixteenth century, the wars that wasted Germany left but little time even to the dwellers in these remote highlands for dramatic representation. Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes, good fellows, no doubt, who were fighting on the right side, nevertheless played dreadful havoc with the homes and fortunes of the German folk who were on the other side. Among these unfortunates were the Bavarians of the Tyrol, and as one of the remote after-consequences of that wide-wasting thirty years' war, a great pestilence broke out in the villages surrounding Ober Ammergau. Whole families were swept off. In one village only two married couples were left alive. It was a visitation somewhat similar to our Black Death. While village after village fell a prey to its ravages, the people of Ober Ammergau remained untouched, and enforced a vigorous quarantine against all the outside world. Their preventive measures were for a while successful. But then, as always, the blind instinctive promptings of the human heart broke through the most necessary sanitary regulations in the person of Caspar Schuchler. This good man, who was working in the plague-stricken village of Eschenlohe, felt an uncontrollable desire to return to his wife and children, who were living in Ober Ammergau. Whether it was that he felt the finger of death upon him, and that he wished to see his loved ones before he died, or whether he merely wished as Housefather to see that they had bread to eat and a roof to cover them, history does not record. All that

THE CHURCH AND THE KOFEL CRAG.

it says is that Caspar Schuchler evaded the quarantine and returned to his wife and little ones. A terrible retribution followed. In two days he was dead, and the plague which he had brought with him spread with such fatal haste from house to house that in thirty-three days eighty-four of the villagers had perished. At this moment the Ober Ammergauers in their despair assembled to discuss their desperate plight. Unless the plague were stayed there would soon not be enough living to bury the dead. Sanitary preventive measures had failed. Curative measures were utterly useless. Where the plague struck death followed. It was as men looking into the hollow eye-sockets of Death that the Ober Ammergauers cried aloud to God. They remembered their sins that day. They would repent, and in token of their penitence and as a sign of gratitude for their deliverance—if they were delivered—they would every ten years perform the Passion Play. And then, says the local chronicler, from that hour the plague was stayed. Those who were already smitten of the plague recovered, nor did any others fall victims to the pestilence. Since Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, there had not been so signal a deliverance from mortal illness on such simple terms. Thus it was that the Passion Play became a fixed institution in Ober Ammergau, and has been performed, with a few variations due to wars—such as that

which summoned the Christ of 1870 to come down from the cross to serve in the Bavarian artillery—ever since. The performance of the Passion Play, like the angel with the drawn sword which stands on the summit of the Castle of San Angelo, is the pious recognition of a miraculous interposition for the stay of pestilence, a kind of dramatic rainbow set in the hills to commemorate the stay of the pestilential deluge. But for Caspar Schuchler it would have gone the way of all other Passion Plays, if, indeed, it had not already perished even before his time. His offence saved it from the general wreck. He sinned, no doubt, and he suffered. He died, and it is probable that his own family were the first to perish. But out of his sin and of their sorrow has come the Passion Play as we have it to-day, the one solitary survival of what was at one time a great instrument of religious teaching, almost universal throughout Europe. Hence I feel grateful to Caspar Schuchler.

And after Caspar, who was the guilty cause of this unique survival, our gratitude is due chiefly to the good parish priest, Daisenberger, to whom more than to any other man is due the conversion of the rude mystery or miracle play of the Middle Ages into this touching and tragic unfolding of the greatest drama in history. For thirty-five years he lived and laboured in the village, presiding as a true father in Israel over the mental, moral,

VIEW AT OBERAMMERGAU

and spiritual development of his parishioners. A born dramatist and a pious Christian, he saw the opportunity which the performance offered, and he made the most of it. Stripping the play of all that was ignoble or farcical—and nothing is more curious than the way in which all miracle plays ran to farce; even at Ober Ammergau, before Daisenberger's time, the Devil excited uproarious hilarity, as he tore open the bowels of the unfortunate suicide, Judas, and produced therefrom strings of sausages—he produced a wonderfully faithful dramatic rendering of the Gospel story. Thus the Geistlicher Rath became the Evangelist of Ober Ammergau. The play which we have been witnessing is the Gospel according to St. Daisenberger. His beatification has not been declared at Rome, and his version is not entitled to rank with the canonical Scriptures; but none the less, generations yet to come may rise up and call him blessed, and his version, unauthorised though it be, enables all who see it to realise more vividly than ever before the human side of the Martyrdom of Jesus.

Ober Ammergau is a beautiful little village standing in a level valley almost on the water-shed of the Bavarian Alps. A mile or two on one side of it streams run east towards Munich, but here in the village itself the Ammer runs westward towards the Planer See. Looked at from above, it forms an ideal picture of an ideal village. The clean white walls ot the houses, with their green window-shutters, are irregularly grouped round the church, which, with its mosque-like minaret, forms the living centre of the place. It is the rallying point of the villagers, who used to perform their play in the churchyard—architecturally as morally the keystone of the arch. Seen at sunset or sunrise the red-tiled and grey-slated roofs which rise among the trees on the other side of the rapid and crystal Ammer seem to nestle together under the shade of the surrounding hills around the protecting spire of the church. High overhead gleams the white cross on the lofty Kofel crag which guards the entrance to the valley.

In the irregular streets Tyrolese mountaineers are strolling and laughing in their picturesque costume, but at the solemn Angelus hour, when the music of the bells swings out in the upper air, every hat is raised, and bareheaded all remain until the bells cease to peal. It is a homely, simple, unspoiled village, and that they have been unspoiled by the flood from the outer world which submerges them week after week so long as the Play lasts, in every tenth year, is in itself almost as the miracle of the burning bush. The student of social economics might do worse than spend some days observing how life goes with the villagers of Ober Ammergau. They are more like Swiss than Germans. They inhabit the northern fringe of the great mass of mountains which divide the flat lands of Germany

from the plans of Italy, and have most of the characteristics of the mountaineers who, whether they be called Swiss or Tyrolese, are one of the most respectworthy species of the human race. Isolation begets independence, and the little community, secure amidst its rocky ramparts against the intermeddling despotism of distant governments, develops the most simple and the most sound system of democratic government. There is a burgomaster, but he is elected, and the government is vested in the hands of the householders. Nearly every man is a landholder—the poorest have about three acres, the richest about sixty. But over and above that they have the inestimable privilege of pasturage

THE MAIN STREET OF OBERAMMERGAU.

on the Alp. Talk about three acres and a cow! That ideal has been more than realised ever so long ago at Ober Ammergau. Never was there such a place for cows. Every night and morning a long procession of cows, each with her tinkling bell hanging from her neck, marches sedately through the principal street to and from the milking shed. They wander on the hills all day, but come home to be milked every evening, and the continuous tinkling of their bells fills the valley with delightful music. The whole population of Ober Ammergau is not more than sixteen hundred, but they own between them some six or seven hundred cows. Few more pleasant sights will you meet in all your travels than the coming home of the cows at milking time.

GENERAL VIEW OF OBERAMMERGAU.

The goats also and the horses all have bells, but the cows so far outnumber all the rest that the others pass unnoticed.

The various wayside shrines that pious souls have reared along the public road, wherever accident befell a drunken waggoner or careless woodman, are touching mementoes of the tragic incidents in the uneventful annals of the valleys. Ettal used to be a famous place of pilgrimage before its monastery was transformed into a brewery, and even now its miraculous Madonna is an object of reverence to all the country side. The Benedictine monks several years ago bought back the monastery. They paid the same price as did the brewers who originally purchased the monastery from them. The story goes that the image is invisible to the very reprobate, is as heavy as lead to the impenitent sinner, but as light as a feather to all those who are of a contrite heart. It is natural that all the roads leading to such a pilgrim haunt should be studded with these little shrines. We should be none the worse for a few similar memorials in our own country.

All is so strange and simple. As I write it is now two days after the Passion Play. The crowd has departed, the village is once more quiet and still. The swallows are twittering in the eaves, and blue and cloudless sky overarches the amphitheatre of hills. All is peace, and the whole dramatic troupe pursue

with equanimity the even tenor of their ordinary life. Most of the best players are woodcarvers; the others are peasants or local tradesmen. Their royal robes or their rabbinical costumes laid aside, they go about their ordinary work in the ordinary way as ordinary mortals. But what a revelation it is of the mine of latent capacity, musical, dramatic, intellectual, in the human race, that a single mountain village can furnish, under a capable guidance, and with adequate inspiration, such a host competent to set forth such a play from its tinkers, tailors, ploughmen, bakers, and the like. It is not native capacity that is lacking to mankind. It is the guiding brain, the patient love, the careful education, and the stimulus and inspiration of a great idea. But, given these, every village of country yokels from Dorset to Caithness might develop artists as noble and as devoted as those of Ober Ammergau.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre in which the Passion Play is performed stands in a meadow at the far end of the village, near the railway station. The stage is open to wind and weather, but all the seats are now covered in. Formerly, half were in the open air. The roofing-in of the auditorium has necessitated the entire rebuilding of the theatre. The cost of the erection a sum of 200,000 marks, was defrayed out of the receipts from the performances of 1900, in which year the Theatre was first opened. It consists of six great arches of iron, each having a span of 140 feet (43 metres), and reaching a height of 65 feet (20 metres). On to these the walls and roof of wood are fastened. The exterior is completely covered with canvas coloured yellow. Saints and prophets are painted on the canvas-covered walls. Painted prophets carved in wood, chiefly by the performers, adorn the corners. The paintings on the rear wall, inside the auditorium, represent the first Passion Play performance in the village, and a ceremony at Ettal. The hall holds 4,000 people, Every spectator has a numbered seat. The reason why the cheapest seats are at the front is because from these places it is difficult to see into the central stage, and when it rains the occupants are drenched. Although the stage is open to the weather, the performance goes on uninterruptedly unless it rains so hard that nothing can be seen. Then there is a pause until the storm has passed. The seats slope up so steeply that a good view can be obtained from any part of the auditorium. There are fourteen doors in all, so the theatre can be quickly filled and emptied.

As the whole of the stage end of the auditorium is open, it is well to have warm coverings should the weather be at all cold. As you occupy your seats for four hours at a stretch, you have leisure for regretting your neglect to bring the necessary wrappings. Opera glasses are very desirable for those who have seats in the rear. Lunch baskets are allowed.

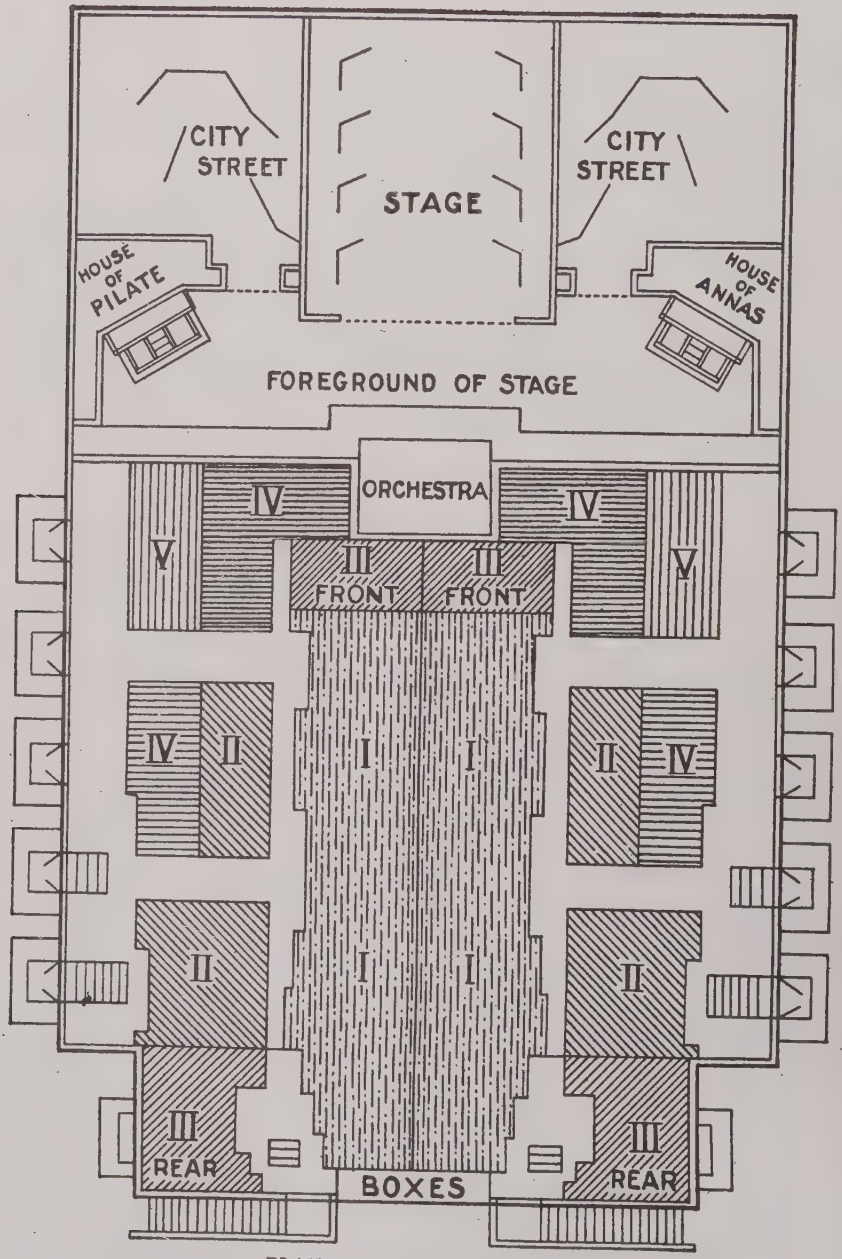
Against photographic cameras, kodaks, and the like, the regulations are very severe. The right of photographing the play and the performers is jealously guarded by the Community, and it is only by special arrangement with it that the splendid reproductions which follow are included in this book. Smoking is most strictly forbidden inside the building, and within thirty yards of it. As a rule, most people come early, and stay till the close of the performance. Some, however, behave abominably, arriving late, leaving in the middle of a scene, and generally disturbing all those who are unfortunate enough to be in their neighbourhood.

The play begins at eight, and the first part ends at twelve. After two hours allowed for luncheon it is resumed at two and closes about six.

The good priest Daisenberger has left on record that he "undertook the production of the play for the love of my Divine Redeemer, and with only one object in view, the edification of the Christian world." In order to attain this end he deemed it necessary to follow the scriptural method. Instead of simply setting forth the Gospel story as it stands in the New Testament, he took as his fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with the types, figures and prophecies of the Old Testament, The whole of the Old Testament is thus made as it were the massive pedestal for the Cross, and the course of the narrative of the Passion is perpetually interrupted or illustrated by scenes from the older Bible, which are supposed to prefigure the next event to be represented on the stage. Thus in Daisenberger's words, "The representation of the Passion is arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

In order to explain the meaning of the typical tableaux and to prepare the audience for the scene which they are about to witness, resource is had to an ingenious arrangement, whereby the interludes between each scene are filled up with singing in parts and in chorus by a choir of Schutzgeister, or Guardian Angels.

The Speaker of the prologues first recites some verses clearly and impressively, then the choir burst out into song, accompanied by an orchestra concealed from view in front of the stage. The tinkle of a little bell is heard and the singers draw back so as to reveal the tableau. The curtain rises and the tableau is displayed, during which they sing again. The curtain falls, they resume their old places, and the singing proceeds. Then

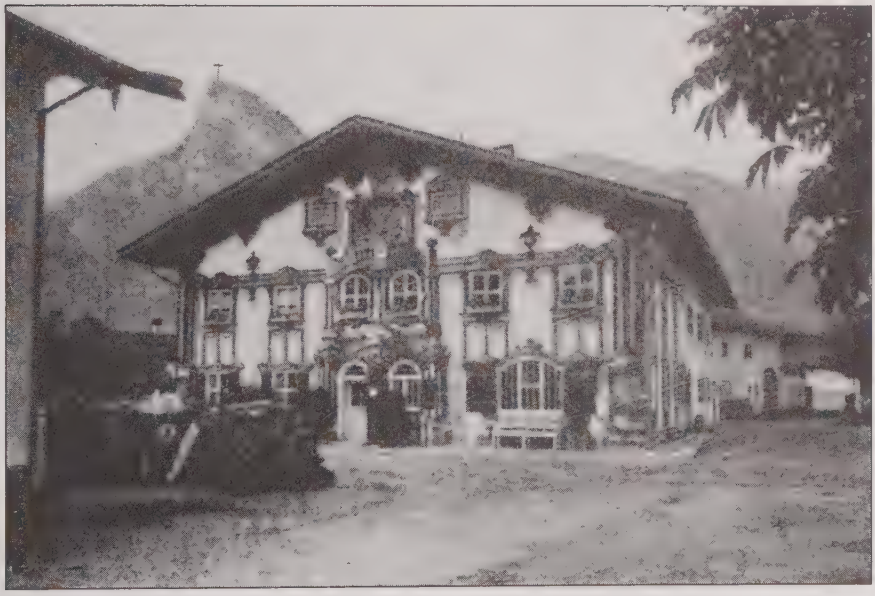


PLAN OF THE THEATRE.

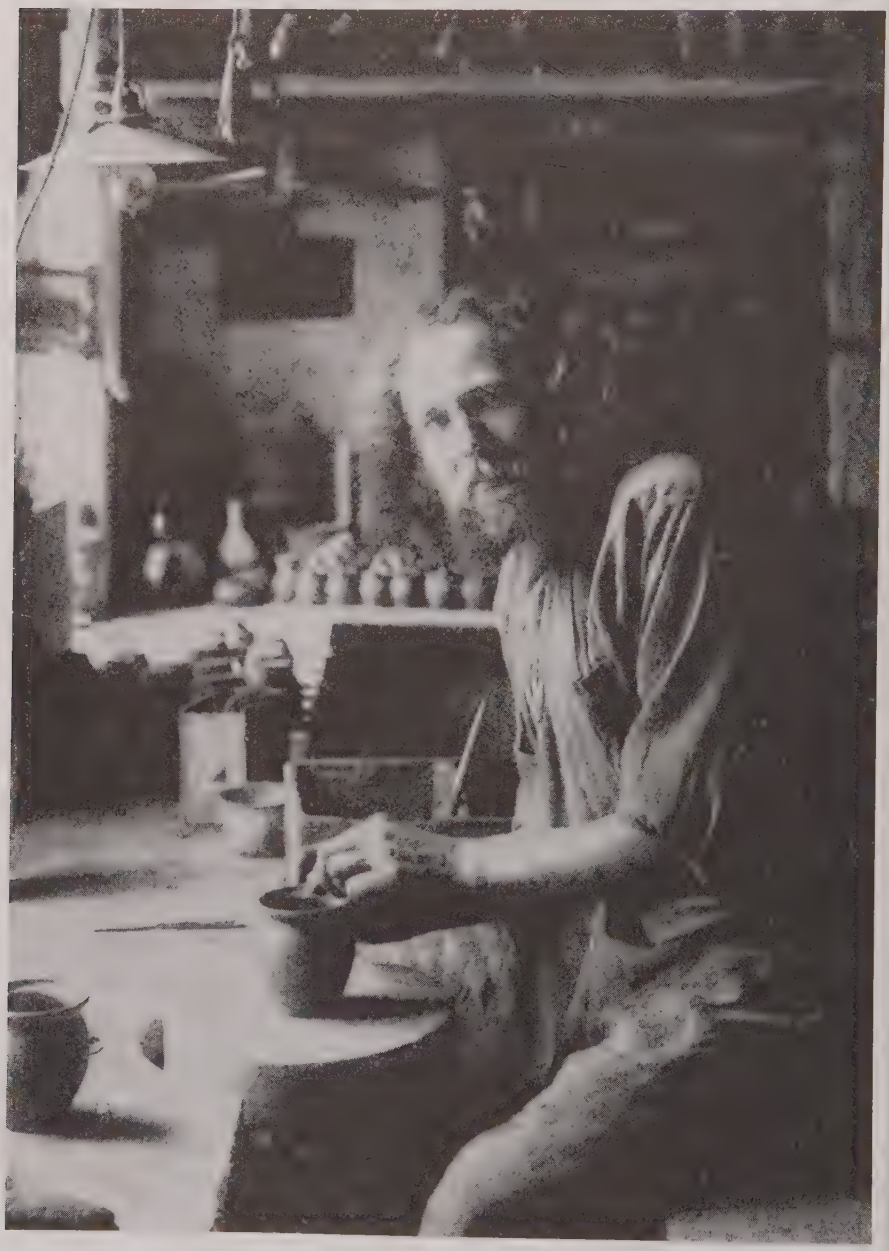
Prices of Seats: Block I. 10 mks., Block II. 8 mks., Block III. 6 mks., Block IV. 4 mks., Block V. 2 mks.

when they come to the end half file off to the right, half to the left, and the play proper begins. When the curtain falls they again take their places and resume their song. The music is very simple but impressive, and the more frequently it is heard the more you feel its force and pathos. The score has never been published, although the demand for copies of the music has been considerable and insistent.

The chorus occupies the stage for fully half the time devoted to the piece. Their dress is very effective. Twice, however, their brilliant robes are exchanged for black—immediately before and immediately after the Crucifixion. The bright robes, however, are resumed at the close, when the play ends with a burst of hallelujahs and of jubilant triumph over the Ascension of our Lord.



A TYPICAL PAINTED HOUSE AT OBERAMMERGAU.



THE CHRISTUS (ANTON LANG) IN HIS POTTERY SHOP.

THE PLAYERS AND THE PLAY.

The Performers of the Passion Play are all of them natives of Ober Ammergau who have, with few exceptions, passed the whole of their lives in the village. The task of allotting the parts is entrusted to a Committee. This consists of 19 Members all of them men. Six of these are members ex-officio, (amongst these the Burgomaster and the Priest) the remaining 13 are elected by the householders of the village. Only those who have the right to vote in the municipal elections are available for this purpose.

During the year preceding the Play this Committee meets regularly at least once a week. It appoints sub-committees which deal with many of the details—The Press Committee, for instance, has charge of the Publicity Department, photographs etc. The general Committee selects every one of the principal players by vote—a bare majority sufficing. For the last hundred years the result of this selection has been announced on the 5th of December preceding the Play. The members of the choruses and of the crowds are however selected earlier in the year and practice continually during the twelve months before the Play is given.

The large theatre is not used excepting for representations of the Passion Play, although when the present Priest was installed part of the ceremony took place there. There is however a small theatre opposite the Town Hall which is constantly used for the representation of Mystery and other Sacred Plays in which those who fill the most important roles in the Passion Play take part. These Plays give the needed practice to the villagers and enable the Committee to make a judicious selection for the great Play.

There is a general tendency for the same part to be played by the same performer even although ten years have elapsed since last he appeared in the role. It is in fact astonishing to

OTTILIE ZWINK
(THE VIRGIN MARY)

JOHANN ZWINK
(JUDAS ISCARIOT)

find how often one part may be played by the same actor. Time is beginning to bear heavily on some of the older performers of two or three decades ago, and this has entailed a certain amount of reshuffling of parts.

The most notable loss since the Players were selected for the 1900 Performance is that of Christus Mayr who passed away in 1903 being at the time Burgomaster of the Village. He represented Christ in 1870—1, 1880 and 1890, whilst in 1900 he recited the Prologues. Shortly after the performance started in 1900, Johann Lang, Burgomaster and Director of the Play passed away. He had filled the role of Caiaphas with remarkable fire and distinction no fewer than five times.

The only Player this year who can show a similar record is the veteran Johann Zwink who again plays Judas. His acting of the part in 1900 and 1890 was one of the most remarkable features of the Play; not only did he represent the remorse of Judas so vividly as to bring tears to the eyes of the audience, but he actually identified himself so entirely with the part that on one occasion, at any rate, he actually hanged himself and had to be rescued. In the Play of course the curtain goes down before this final act is committed. In 1880 and 1870 he took the part of John.

Not only does he again act the part of Judas but his daughter sustains the most important woman's role, that of Mary the Mother of Jesus. As this part is always taken by a young girl it is never acted twice by the same person. This is also the case with Mary Magdalene. These are the two outstanding women, the others have little to say, but upon these two largely depends the success of the Play.

Other well-known figures who are appearing this year, are, Anton Lang, the Christ of 1900 who again takes the principal role, Peter Rendl, the John of 1900 and 1890, who acts Joseph of Arimathea, Burgomaster Bauer who again appears as Pilate—a part he also played in 1900; Andreas Lang who acted Rabbi in 1900 and Thomas in 1890, now appears as Peter. Many of the disciples are again taken by the same Performers as in 1900. This year Sebastian Lang who in 1900 took the important role of Caiaphas is appearing as Annas. The only important part, besides those of Mary and Mary Magdalene, which is being filled by an actor without any experience of the Passion Play is that of John which is being played by the 19 year, old Alfred Bierling.

It is estimated that during 1900 some 200 000 persons visited Ober Ammergau to see the Play, and this year a larger number is confidently expected.

It has been asserted, both in print and privately, that the Ober Ammergau peasants run the Play merely as a means of making money rather than as a reminder of a great deliverance centuries ago. This is certainly untrue of the individual Players, although as a Community the village no doubt benefits considerably. After paying all expenses the receipts from the Play are divided into thirds, one third going to the Community and two thirds to the individual Players. These are divided into classes according to relative importance and each member of each class receives the same amount. What this amount is may be

ANTON LANG AND HIS FAMILY.

gathered from the fact that the Christus who is in the highest class received only £70 for his share in 1900. The Community expends the third it receives on Municipal work. For instance. a portion of this was devoted to the straightening and deepening of the bed of the Ammer, thus doing away with the annual floods which always wrought such devastation to the village and neighbourhood. This was a very necessary work although it has spoilt the picturesqueness of the little stream. The balance was spent on the Hospital, the School, making new roads, etc. In all the Community's share in 1900 was about £16,000.

All the garments are made in the village itself, much of the stuff is very costly. Some of the materials and dresses of the

previous Performance are used over again, but most of the garments are entirely new. Their cost and that of other preparations and furnishing are heavy. In order to raise the money to pay for these things the Burgomaster and other leading men have to guarantee the necessary sum. If the Performance were a failure they would of course be called upon to meet their guarantees.

It takes an artist a whole year to repaint the scenery. The Theatre is repainted and renovated throughout during the months preceding the Play. As no wigs or other makeup is permitted the Ober Ammergau villagers for months before the Play year allow their hair and beards to grow untrimmed. This adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the village streets.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF OBERAMMERGAU WHO ACT IN THE PLAY.

DATES OF THE PERFORMANCES, 1910.

Dress Rehearsal, Wednesday, May 11 th.

MAY.

Monday	16.
Sunday	22.
Sunday	29.

JUNE.

Sunday	5.
Sunday	12.
Sunday	19.
Friday	24.
Sunday	26.
Wednesday	29.

JULY.

Sunday	3.
Sunday	10.
Sunday	17.
Wednesday	20.
Sunday	24.
Wednesday	27.
Sunday	31.

AUGUST.

Wednesday	3.
Sunday	7.
Wednesday	10.
Sunday	14.
Wednesday	17.
Sunday	21.
Wednesday	24.
Sunday	28.
Wednesday	31.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday	4.
Thursday	8.
Sunday	11.
Sunday	18.
Sunday	25.

The Play begins at 8 a. m. and finishes about 6. p. m. with an interval from 12 to 2.

In the event of there not being sufficient seats to accommodate all visitors on any one of these days of representation, another representation will be given on the same scale on the next following day. These extra representations will be made known in good time, in Munich and neighbourhood, by means of placards.

LIST OF THE PERFORMERS

IN THE PASSION PLAY OF 1910.

In the following list the name of the Performer is given first, then his occupation, then the parts he has played in previous years, and finally his address. All the houses in Ober Ammergau are numbered as if it were one long street. A plan of the village will be found on pages 32 and 33.

685 persons are engaged in the performance and actually come on to the stage. Of these 50 are women and 200 children. There are only 125 speaking parts.

The *Stage Manager* is LUDWIG LANG (66)—**57$_1$** the director of the school of carving. He was Assistant Stage Manager, in charge of the tableaux in 1880, 1890 and 1900. This year his assistant is HANS MAYR (40) son of the famous Christus Mayr who died in 1903. Hans Mayr also takes the part of Herod.

The *Musical Director* is LUDWIG WITTMANN (38)—**58** Head teacher of the school, who fills this position for the first time. His assistant is FERDINAND RUTZ (28)—**27i** a carver.

The *Leader of the Chorus* is again JAKOB RUTZ (63)—**70** the smith who has led since 1890.

The *Speaker of the Prologues* is ANTON LECHNER (48) the drawing master in the school—**13.**

Christ . . . . . ANTON LANG (35), Potter. (Christ 1900)—**19.**

John (Disciple) . . . ALFRED BIERLING (19), House Fitter. (First Appearance)—**67.**

Peter „ . . . ANDREAS LANG (48), Carver. (Rabbi 1900, Thomas 1890)—**110b.**

Judas „ . . . JOHANN ZWINK (59), Painter. (Judas 1900, 1890; John 1880, 71) —**56.**

Philip (Disciple) . . .	ANDREAS BRAUN sen. (61), Carver. (Joseph of Arimathea 1900, James 1890, 80)—**22.**
Thaddeus „ . . .	JOSEF KURZ (60), Road Maker. (Thaddeus 1900, 1890)—**107.**
Simon „ . . .	MARTIN HOCHENLEITTER (44), Farmer. (Simon 1900, 1890)—**37.**
James „ . . .	MATHIAS DEDLER (37), Image Carver. (James 1900)—**181a.**
James the Less (Disciple) .	BENEDIKT KLUCKER (45), Farmer. (James the Less 1900)—**84.**
Thomas „ .	ANTON MAYR (40), Image Carver. (Thomas 1900)—**37b.**
Matthew „ .	JOSEPH ALBRECHT jr. (42), Sculptor. (Matthew 1900)—**17.**
Andrew „ .	ALOIS GEROLD sen. (65), Shoemaker. (Andrew 1900, Matthew 1890)—**146.**
Bartholomew „ .	BALTHASAR KELLER (43), Dealer —**65.**
Joseph of Arimathea . .	PETER RENDL (40), Carver. (John 1900, 1890)—**181.**
Nicodemus	WILHELM LANG jun. (40), Image Carver. (Saras 1900)—**27g.**
Simon of Bethany . . .	THOMAS RENDL sen. (72), Image Carver. (Peter 1900, Pilate 1890, 1880)—**109.**
Simon of Cyrene . . .	ANDREAS KRATZ (43), Canal tender —**137.**
Lazarus	RICHARD LANG (24), Sculptor—**36.**
Mary	OTTILIE ZWINK (30), Daughter of J. Zwink (Judas)—**56.**
Magdalene	MARIA MAYR (27), Daughter of a Sculptor—**72.**
Martha	VIKTORIA BAUER (18), Daughter of the Burgomaster—**120.**
Veronica	MARIA SCHMIDT (19), Daughter of a Baker—**15.**
Pilate	SEBASTIAN BAUER (59), Burgomaster. (Pilate 1900, Rabbi 1890, 1880)—**120.**

Herod	HANS MAYR (40), Dealer (Son of Christus Mayr)—**31.**
Caiaphas (High Priest) .	GREGOR BREITSAMTER (55), Private means. (Nathaniel 1900)—**76d.**
Annas „ „ .	SEBASTIAN LANG (57), Verger. (Caiaphas 1900)—**73.**
Nathaniel (Priest) . . .	RUPPERT BREITSAMTER (46), Carpenter. (Ezechiel 1900)—**5.**
Ezechiel „ . . .	SEBASTIAN SCHAUER (57), Sculptor—**3c.**
Josue „ . . .	MELCHUR BREITSAMTER (49), Image Carver. (Nathan 1900.)
Sadok „ . . .	MARTIN OPPENRIEDER (72), Carver. (Annas 1900, Joseph of Arimathea 1890, 80)—**121b.**
Amiel „ . . .	JOHANN LANG sen. (70), Carver. —**3d.**
Mererie „ . . .	KLEMENT GINDHARD (49), Woodcutter.
Rabbi	WILHELM RUTZ (45), Baker. (Nicodemus 1900)—**52.**
Rabinth (Pharisee) . . .	EDUARD UHL (36), Image Carver. (Rabinth 1900, 1890)—**181c.**
Dariabas „ . . .	ROCHUS LANG (63), Potter (Herod 1900, Ezechiel 1890)—**1.**
Josaphat „ . . .	MARTIN LIEBHER (54), Farmer —**125.**
Oziel „ . . .	DOMINIKUS KLAMER (66), Carver. (Oziel 1900)—**119.**
Amon „ . . .	ANDREAS BOLD sen. (56), Carver. (Amon 1900)—**121a.**
Saras „ . . .	ANDREAS WIEDEMANN (47), Farmer—**39.**
Samuel „ . . .	GEORG SCHALLHAMMER (49), Carver. (Samuel 1900, 1890)—**80.**
Ptolomy „ . . .	ALOIS SAMM sen. (59), Canal tender.
Nathan „ . . .	JOSEF BIERLING (40), Image Carver. (Selpha 1900)—**23c.**
Soloman „ . . .	PETER NAIRZ sen. (56), Road mender. (Solomon 1900)—**170.**
Gerson „ . . .	ANDREAS ALBRECHT (40), Carver.
Jakob (a rabbi)	ALOIS SCHMID (34), Carver.

Dathan (Trader) . . .	ANDREAS MAYR (43), Hotel Proprietor (Dathan 1900)—**131.**
Ephraim (Trader) . . .	ROMAN GAST (54), Painter, (Ephraim 1900.)
Moses „ . . .	ALOIS GUGGEMOOS (50), Image Carver. (Moses 1900.)
Kora „ . . .	JOSEF HOCHENLEITTNER (42), Image Carver.
Esron „ . . .	JOSEF HASER (30), Sculptor.
Booz „ . . .	ANDREAS LINDELE (45), Day labourer. (Albiron 1900.)
Albiron „ . . .	EMMANUEL LANG (56), Image Carver (Booz 1900.)
Centurion	ANTON HASER (45), Carver. (Jakob 1900.)
Selpha (Captain of Temple Watch)	PETER NAIRZ jun. (41), Image Carver.
Barabbas	JOSEF DAISENBERGER (57), Day labourer.
Zarobabel (Temple attendant)	ARNOLD LANG (19), Carver.

THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Soprano. Soloists: CENCI LECHNER, HEDWIG BIERLING, HELENE BREITSAMTER, JOSEPHA LEISS, ROSA HONIG. Chorus: BABETTE BREITSAMTER, LUDOVIKA GINDHARD, MARIA KLAMMER, LUNA REISER, MAGDALENA RUTZ, STEPHANIE LECHNER, FRANZISKA ZWINK.

Alto. Soloists: ELLA LANG, LUCIE LANG, LUISE LANG, ANNA GAST. Chorus: JOSEPHA GSTAIGER, CACILIA GEROLD, JOH. HÄRTLE, HERMINE LEISS, ANNA RUTZ, JOSEPHA STEIDLE. VIKTORIA ZWINK. THERESE RUTZ, MARIA HOCHENLEITNER.

Tenor. Soloists: OSCAR ZWINK, PAUL MAYR, FAUSTINUS LANG. Chorus: GEORG BIERLING, GUIDO MAYER, ROBERT STEIDLE, THEODOR LANG, HANS SPEGEL.

Bass. Soloists: HUGO RUTZ, MAX SCHWALD. Chorus: JOSEF REISER, LUDW. WOLF, HUBERT ZWINK, FERD. HOCHENLEITTER. ANDR. BÖLD.

THE TABLEAUX, SCENES AND PLAYERS

ECCE HOMO

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

RECITER OF THE PROLOGUES

CHRIST

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS

MARY MAGDALEN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

JOHN

PETER

JUDAS

CAIAPHAS AND ANNAS

PONTIUS PILATE

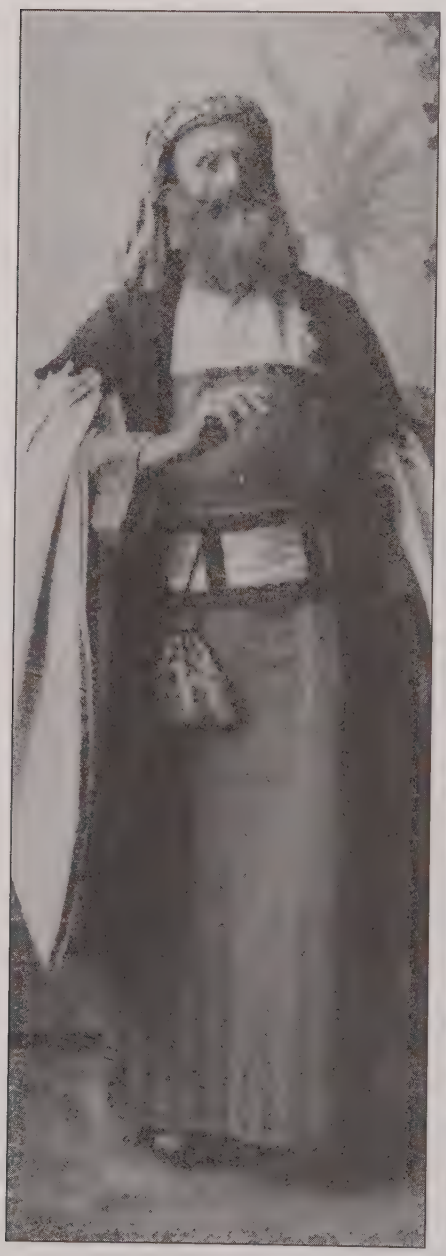
HEROD

NATHANIEL

RABBI ARCHELAUS

TWO PHARISEES

TWO PRIESTS



OZIEL

SAMUEL

LEADING PHARISEES

MATTHEW

JAMES

JAMES THE LESS

THOMAS

ANDREW

THOMAS

RABINTH

SIMON

NICODEMUS AND JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

JUDAS TEMPTED BY DATHAN

JUDAS BETRAYS HIS MASTER WITH A KISS
AT THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

THE LAST SUPPER.

PETER DENIES HIS LORD.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

SOLDIERS MOCK CHRIST

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS

JESUS AND VERONICA

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE BURIAL OF JESUS

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Magnificent Street Views and Old Wells.
Every Step Historical Soil.
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Maximilian Museum, Fugger Museum.
Town Hall with Golden Hall.

All Information through the
"Verein zur Hebung des Fremdenverkehrs."

AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE TIME OF THIS EDITION.

THE TEXT OF THE PLAY.

The English version is not only a translation. It gives a running description of the scenes as they are portrayed and thus enables the visitor who is ignorant of German to follow the Play far more easily than is possible if it were merely a literal translation.

In the prologues and choruses the general meaning is conveyed in the English Text, which is not a word for word translation. It is unfortunately impossible to retain in translation the sonorous ring of the German blank verse.

In the English Text the speaker is indicated in **black letters** and those who come on the scene for the first time in *italics*.

INTERIOR OF THE OBERAMMERGAU CHURCH

THE PASSION PLAY.

FIRST DIVISION.

From the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem until His arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane.

ACT I.

PRELUDE.

Bow down now in deep adoring love
Oh race by the curse of God oppressed
Peace he sends from the Heavens above
He is not wrath for ever
Though just his anger, for the offence was great
"I do not desire" saith he
"The death of any sinner—I forgive
Him freely, let him live"
For this He offered up His Son the world to save
Praise and thanks for this we give
O! Eternal.

TABLEAU I.

[The first tableau is emblematic of the Fall. When the curtain is drawn up, Adam and Eve, a man and woman of the village, habited very decently in white sheepskin, are flying from the Garden of Eden, where stands the tree with the forbidden fruit, while from its branches hangs the Serpent, the Tempter. An angel with a sword painted to look like flame forbids their return.]

Mankind is banished from fair Eden's glades,
Darkened around with sin and Death's grim shades.
Unto the Tree of Life the way, alas! is barred,
Where the dread cherubim, with flaming sword, keeps guard.

But yet afar, from Calvary's height,
Shines a ray of morning through the night,
From the Cross, the Tree of Love, there blow
Winds of peace through all the world below.

God! All-Merciful! Thou, Pardon-Giver—
Though men Thy laws have held in scorn
From the curse the guilty to deliver,
Gavest up to death Thine only Son.

PROLOGUE.

Welcome to all united by the Saviour's Love
Who here assemble and in sorrow follow him
On that long mournful journey
Which at last leads to the tomb.

And all who thus to-day have come from near and far
Must feel themselves united in fraternal love
As disciples of the Lord
Who for all has suffered death.

He who in so great compassion gave his life for us
And died a bitter death: To Him with praise we turn
With gratitude and love
Our hearts and eyes unto.

To Him we lift our thoughts, to Him our souls we give
Pray with us now, pray, for again the hour has come
Wherein we pay the sacred debt
We vowed long since to yield our God.

TABLEAU II.

[The second tableau represents the Adoration of the Cross. A cross of wood planted on a rock occupies the centre of the stage. One girl stands with one hand round the Cross, the other holding a palm branch, while another kneels at its foot. Around are grouped fourteen smaller cherubs. All point to or gaze at the Cross.]

Hear, O Lord, Thy children's voices tremble,
Children only stammering Thee can praise,
They, who at the sacrifice assemble,
Hands of reverent adoration raise,
Follow now the path that He, despising
Thorns and steepness, trod unflinchingly,
And, in fiercest conflict agonising,
Won, at last, eternal victory.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM AND THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.

Hail to Thee! Hail! O David's Son!
Hail to Thee! Hail! Thy Father's throne
To Thee Belongs
Thou who comest in the highest name
To meet whom the throngs of Israel came
We praise with song.

Hosanna! May He in the heavens dwelling
Send all His blessings down on Thee!
May He whose glory the angels are telling
Keep Thee for us eternally!

CHORUS—Hail to Thee! &c.

Blest be great David's realm and nation
Restored again unto their own,
Ye people now with exaltation
Honour the Father and the Son.

CHORUS—Hail to Thee! &c.

Hosanna to our Prince! The Story
Re-echo through the air again!
Hosanna! let Him come in glory
Upon His Father's throne to reign.

CHORUS—Hail to Thee! &c.

AND lo, there was heard a noise of singing and of joyful acclamation. A great multitude came pouring down the narrow street that runs past Pilate's house, chanting as they came, "Hail to Thee, O Son of David!" Little children, old men, and maidens ran forward, some raising palm-branches, but all ever looking backwards to one who should come. More and ever more streamed down the street into the open space in front of the Temple, but still the Hosanna song went on. At last, in the midst of the jubilant throng, *Jesus* appeared, clad in a long garment of grey, over which was cast a flowing robe. His face was composed and pensive. His long black hair and beard surrounded features somewhat swarthy from the rays of the hot sun, and he rode on the side of an ass's colt that seemed almost too small to support his weight. ***John***, the beloved disciple, dressed in green raiment with a red mantle, led the little ass, carrying in his hand a long pilgrim staff. The mob pressed tumultuously around, singing and crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Jesus blessed them as he rode through their midst. After passing the house of Pilate he suddenly dismounted. Then Jesus advanced to the front of the Temple. The hosannas died away and he contemplated the busy scene. There were the priests busily engaged with the money-changers. *Nathanael*, chief orator of the Sanhedrin, stood conspicuous among the chaffering throng. There were baskets with pigeons for sale as sacrifices. There were the tables of the dealers. Buying and selling, haggling and bargaining, were in full swing in the market-place. For a moment **Jesus**, who was above the average height, and whose mien was dignified and commanding, stood

as if amazed and indignant, and then suddenly burst out upon the astonished throng of priests and merchants with the following protest:—

"What see I here? Shall my Father's house be thus dishonoured? Is this the house of God, or is it a market-place? How can the strangers who come from the land of the Gentiles to worship God perform their devotions in this tumult of usury? And ye," he continued, advancing a step towards the priests, who stared at him in amazement, "ye priests, guardians of the Temple, can ye see this abomination and permit it to continue? Woe be unto you! He who searches the heart knows why ye encourage such disorder." The crowd, silent now, watched with eager interest the money-changers and priests, who but imperfectly understanding what had been said to them, stared at the intruder. "Who can this man be?" they asked. And then from the lips of all the **multitude** there went up the simultaneous response, as if the whole throng had but one voice, "It is the great Prophet from Nazareth, in Galilee!"

Jesus then moving forward into the midst of the astonished merchants in the Temple, exclaimed, in words of imperious authority: "Away with you from here, servants of Mammon! I command it. Take what belongs to you and quit the Holy Place!"

One of the **Traders** exclaimed in terror, "Come, let us go, that his wrath destroy us not."

Then the **Priests**, recovering somewhat their self-possession, stepped forward to remonstrate. "Why troublest thou this people?" they asked. "Everything here is for sacrifice. How canst thou forbid that which the Council has allowed?" And then the **Traders**, led by one Dathan, chimed in, in eager chorus, "Must there then be no more sacrifices?"

For answer **Jesus** stood forth, and exclaimed: "There is room enough outside the Temple for your business. 'My House,' says the Lord, 'shall be called a House of Prayer for all nations; ye have made it a den of thieves." And then, crying, "Away with all this!" with one vigorous movement he overturned the tables of the money-changers. **Rabbi** exclaimed: "This must not be—thou darest not do this!"—but his voice passed untended in the tumult. The earthenware vessels fell crashing to the ground, the money was scattered over the floor. Some of the dismayed merchants crying, "My money, oh! my money," scrambled for the glittering coins. Others stared in fury at the unceremonious intruder. Half-a-dozen doves, released from their wicker baskets, took to flight, amid the despairing lamentation of their owner, "Oh, my doves. What shall I do." **Abrion** contemplating his overturned cruses of oil mutters, "Who will compensate me for this loss?"

These lamentations were rudely cut short. A short rope was hanging near by. Seizing it in the middle and twisting it once or twice round his hand, **Jesus** converted it into a whip of cords, with which he drove out the traders. "Away! get ye hence. I will that this desecrated place be restored to the worship of the Father!" The traders fled, but the *Priests* remained, and, after muttering together, **Sadok** asked, in angry tones: "By what right dost thou do this," and **Amon** added: "By what miraculous sign dost thou prove that thou hast the power to act in this wise?" **Jesus** answered them: "Ye seek after a sign: yea, a sign shall be given unto you. Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will have built it up again."

The **Priests** replied, contempt mingling with indignation in their tones, "What a boastful declaration! Six-and-forty years was this Temple in building, and thou wilt build it up again in three days!" At this point the **Children**, who had been standing around watching the altercation with the dealers, cried out in unison with their elders, "Hosanna to the Son of David." "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

The **Priests**, shocked at their homage, were sore displeased, and appealed to Jesus, saying: "Hearest thou what they say? Forbid them!" They paused for his reply. Then **Jesus** answered and said unto them: "I say unto you, if they were silent the very stones would cry out." Encouraged by this emphatic approval, the **Children** cried out once more louder than ever, the sound of their childish voices filling the Temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Then the **Pharisees**, who stood by the overthrown tables of the money-changers, spoke up and said angrily to the little ones, "Silence, you silly children!"

Jesus turned to them and said, "Have ye never read, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. That which is hidden from the proud is revealed unto babes'?" And as the priests and Pharisees muttered in indignation among themselves, he continued, "For the Scripture must be fulfilled. The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner. The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and it shall be given to a people which shall bring forth the fruits thereof. But that stone, whosoever shall fall upon it shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder. Come, my disciples, I have done what the Father has commanded me, I have vindicated the honour of his house. The darkness remains darkness, but in many hearts it will soon be day. Let us go into the inner court of the Temple that we may there pray unto the Father!" Thereupon Jesus, followed by his disciples, disappeared in the interior of the Temple, while

the **People** cried aloud as with one voice: "Praise be to the Anointed One!" and the **Priests** said angrily, "Silence, rabble!" The **Pharisees** adding, "Ye shall all be overthrown with your leader." To which the **Crowd** responded by crying louder than ever, "Blessed be the Kingdom of David which again appears!"

Then **Nathanael**, a leading man in the Sandhedrin, tall and well favoured, wearing a horned mitre, and possessing the tongue of an orator, stood forth, and seeing that Jesus had departed, and that there was now no one to withstand him in the hearing of the people, lifted up his voice and cried, "Whoso holds with our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, let him stand by us! The curse of Moses upon all the rest!" Then **Rabbi**, sprang forward, and declared with a loud voice, "He is a deceiver of the people, an enemy of Moses, an enemy of the Holy Law!" The **People** answered mockingly, "Then, if so, why did not you arrest him? Is he not a prophet?" Several of the multitude followed Jesus into the Temple, but the rest remained listening to the **Priests**, who cried more vehemently than ever, "Away with the prophet! He is a false teacher!" But **Nathanael**, seizing the opportunity, thus addressed the remainder of the multitude: "Oh, thou blinded people, wilt thou run after the innovator, and forsake Moses, the prophets, and thy priests? Fearest thou not that the curse which the Law denounces against the apostate will crush thee and thy children? Would'st thou cease to be the chosen people?"

The **Crowd**, shaken by this appeal, responded sullenly, "That would we not. Far be it from us to forsake Moses and his law."

Nathanael pressed his advantage. "Who," he asked, "has to watch over the purity of the law? Is it not the holy Sanhedrin of the people of Israel? To whom will ye listen; to us or to him? To us, or to this man, who has proclaimed himself the expounder of a new law?" Then the **Multitude** cried all together, "We hear you! we follow you!" **Nathanael**: "Down with him then, this man full of deceit and error!" **People**: "Yes, we stand side by side with you! Moses is our Prophet!" and the **Priests** answered, speaking all together, "The God of your fathers will bless you for that."

At this moment loud and angry voices were heard approaching down the narrow street that leads to the house of Annas the high priest. The priests and Pharisees listened eagerly. As they caught the word "Revenge," they turned to each other with exultant looks. Meanwhile *Dathan,* a merchant, the chief of the *Traders* who had been driven from the Temple, was seen to be leading on his fellow merchants, who were lifting up their hands and weeping as they recounted their losses. They shouted confusedly as they came, "This insult must be punished! Revenge! Revenge!! He shall pay dearly for his insolence. Money, oil, salt, doves—he must pay for all. Where is he, that he may experience our vengeance?" The **Priests** replied, "He has conveyed himself away." Then, cried the **Traders,** "We will pursue him." But **Nathanael,** seeing what advantage might result from the discontent of the merchants, arrested their pursuit. "Stay, friends," said he; "the faction that follows this man is at present too large. If ye attacked them, it might cause a dangerous fight, which the Roman sword would finish. Trust to us. He shall not escape punishment." And the **Priests** who stood around Nathanael cried, "With us and for us, that is your salvation!" Then **Dathan** and his friends exclaimed triumphantly, "Our victory is near." **Nathanael,** assured of the control of the multitude, continued, "We are now going to inform the Council of the Sanhedrin of to-day's events." The **Traders** impatiently exclaimed, "We will go with you. We must have satisfaction!" But **Nathanael** dissuaded them, saying, "Come in an hour's time to the forecourt of the high priest. I will plead your cause in the Council, and bring forward your complaint." And as Nathanael and the priests and the Pharisees went out, the **Traders** and the **People** cheered them, crying aloud, "Moses is our Prophet—our lawgiver! Down with every other! We are for Moses' law to the death! Praise be to our fathers! praise to our fathers' God!"

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Lo see how all the spirits out of Hell rush forth
Rebellious spirits who since this our world began
Against Almighty God
Have ever discord sowed.

No ties of blood, nor sacred Covenant's claim
Is proof against the hate which doth inflame this fiend
To destroy the faith of men
Make brother fight 'gainst brother.

Its baneful presence is even found in priestly circles
Whose arrogant human might strives 'gainst Christ our King
And misguided thus they think
To render service to the Lord.

See! Already the cup of suffering fills for him
For the greedy Serpent brood, with bitterest spite
And eagerness have sworn
His speedy death and ruin.

TABLEAU III.

The third tableau shows us the children of Jacob in the plain of Dothan conspiring how to kill Joseph, who, in his coat of many colours—in this case plain white with red facings or stripes—is approaching from behind. His brethren are leaning against the well into which they decide to fling their unfortunate victim.]

CHORUS.

Now they are gone—leagued for the deed unnamed:
What the heart hid the mouth has now proclaimed.
Themselves the mask that hid the evil thing
Have torn away—driven by conscience's sting.
"Up!" they wildly cry, "let us vengeance brood—
The long-planned work make good!"

God open unto us the sacred shrine,
The days of old can show us, as a sign,
The evil plan set forth. As Jacob's sons
Conspired 'gainst Joseph, so this viper's brood
Ye will hear raging after Jesus' blood
"Vengeance!" their shriek of fury runs.

See! the dreamer comes, they say!
He would—unabashed cry they—
Be the ruler of our clan—
But away with him, away!
Ha! within the old well there,
Let him carry out his plan!

E'en thus, for the righteous blood
Thirsteth now this murderous brood,
He, they clamour, is our foe.
All our honour's now laid low,—
None upon our ways will follow—
After him the people go.

Come, oh! come, and let us slay!
Save him no one can or may
Let us keep our purpose firm
Joseph now must die—away!

God! annihilate this impious band
Who have risen up defying Thee,
And in murderous cov'nant joined the hand
'Gainst Thine only Son in mockery.

Let them crash— the thunders of Thy might,
Let Thy right hand's lightnings glow,
Let Thy terrors on the guilty light,
In the dust to lay them low.

Nay!—not to destroy—whate'er our merit—
Came He from His Father's place,
Sinners through His mercy shall inherit
Mercy, blessedness, and grace.

Worshipping in lowliness
The great purpose of Thy grace,
Thee, O Lord, Thy children bless!

THE SANHEDRIN.

THEN were the high *priests* and the *rulers* and the *elders* gathered together late in the night in the Council of the Sanhedrin. In the highest place sat *Caiaphas*, with his jewelled breast-plate, in robes of white embroidered with gold. A vestment of green and gold covered his shoulders, and on his head he wore a white horned mitre adorned with golden bells, which added to the majesty of his aspect. *Annas*, the aged high priest, sat on his left. *Nathanael*, also on the raised daïs, was on the right. Below him sat the *Rabbis*, in blue velvet, while seated around were *Pharisees*, *Scribes*, and *doctors of the law.*

Caiaphas, whose grey hair and beard showed that he was well stricken in years, was still in the full vigour of life. As president of the Sanhedrin, he briefly opened the session.

"Honoured Brothers, Fathers, and Teachers of the People, an extraordinary occurrence is the occasion of the present extraordinary assembly. Listen to it from the mouth of our worthy brother."

Then **Nathanael** arose, and standing on the right hand of Caiaphas, said, "Is it allowed, O fathers, to say a word?" **All** answered, "Yes; speak! speak!" Then said **Nathanael**, "Marvel not, O fathers, that ye should be called together at so late an hour for the transaction of business. It must be only too well known to you what we have with shame been compelled to see to-day with our own eyes. Ye have seen the triumphal progress of the Galilean through the Holy City. Ye have heard the Hosannas of the befooled populace. Ye have perceived how this ambitious man arrogates to himself the office of the high priest. What now lacks for the destruction of all civil and ecclesiastical order? Only a few steps further, and the law of Moses is upset by the innovations of this misleader. The sayings of our forefathers are despised, the fasts and purifications abolished, the sabbath desecrated, the priests of God deprived of their office, and the holy sacrifices are at an end."

As Nathanael concluded, all the fathers of the **Council** exclaimed with one voice, "True—most true." As he had been speaking they had been interchanging notes of appreciative and sympathetic comment. But it was not until Caiaphas spoke that the Sanhedrin was roused to the highest pitch of excitement. **Caiaphas,** who spoke with great fire and fervour, thus addressed the rulers of Israel:—

"And more than all this. Encouraged by the success of his efforts, he will proclaim himself King of Israel (murmurs of alarm and indignation), then the land will be distracted with civil war and revolt, and the Romans will come with their armies and

bring destruction upon our land and our people. Woe is me for the children of Israel, for the Holy City, and for the Temple of the Lord, if no barrier is opposed to the evil while there is yet time! It is, indeed, high time. We must be the saviours of Israel. To-day must a resolution be passed, and whatever is resolved upon must be carried out without regard to any other consideration. Do we all agree to this?"

And all the **Sanhedrin** as one man cried out, "We do."

Up sprang **Amiel** to emphasize his vote: "A stop must be put to the course of this misleader."

Caiaphas then said, "Give your opinion without reserve as to what should be done."

And then **Rabbi Archelaus** arose and said: "If I may be permitted to declare my opinion unreservedly, I must assert that we ourselves are to blame that things have come to such a pass. Against this onrushing ruin much too mild measures have been employed. Of what avail have been our disputations with him, or what has it profited that we have, by our questionings, put him in a dilemma; that we have pointed out the errors in his teaching, and his violations of the law? Nay, of what use has been even the excommunication pronounced on all who acknowledged him as the Messiah? All this was labour in vain. Men turn their backs on us, and all the world runs after him. To restore peace to Israel, that must be done which ought to have been done long ago—we must arrest him and throw him into prison. That is the only way to put an end to his evil influence."

The suggestion was hailed with enthusiasm, and springing to their feet they cried, "Yea, that must be done!"

Then **Sadok** stood up and said: "Once that he is in prison, the credulous people will no longer be attracted by the fascination of

his manner or the charm of his discourse. When they have no more miracles to gape at, he will soon be forgotten and we will once more be able to breathe freely."

And **Salomo** exulted as he added: "In the darkness of his dungeon let him make his light shine and proclaim his Messiahship to the walls of his gaol."

Then it was the turn of the *Pharisees*. **Oziel** said: "He has been allowed long enough to lead the people astray and to denounce as hypocrisy the strict virtue of the Holy Order of the Pharisees. Let him suffer for his contempt in fetters."

Ptolomey added, complacently: "The enthusiasm of his hangers-on will soon cool down when he who promised them freedom is himself in chains."

By this time it was evident all the Council was of one mind. Then **Annas**, the venerable high priest, arose and addressed the Sanhedrin with much emotion.

"Now, venerable priests, a ray of confidence and joy penetrates to my breast when I see your unanimous resolution. Alas! an unspeakable grief has weighed down my soul at the sight of the onward progress of the false teachings of this Galilean. It seemed as if I had lived to old age but in order to have the misfortune of seeing the downfall of our Holy Law. But now I will not despair. The God of our fathers still lives, and he is with us. If ye have the courage to act boldly, and to stand firmly and faithfully together, there is safety at hand. Take courage, steadfastly pursue the aim in view, and be the deliverers of Israel, and undying fame will be your reward."

With one accord **all** answered and said: "We are all of one mind;" while the **Priests** added, shouting eagerly, "The faith of our Fathers shall not perish." "Israel must be saved."

Then **Caiaphas** began, "All honour to your unanimous resolution, worthy brethren, but now let me have the benefit of your wise counsels how we can most safely bring this deceiver into our power." "It might be dangerous," remarked **Rabinth**, "to seize him now at the time of the Feast. In the streets or in the Temple he is everywhere surrounded by a mob of infatuated followers. It could easily lead to an uproar."

Then all the **Priests** cried out together with a loud voice, as if impatient that one should speak at a time. **Ezekiel** shouted: "But something must be done at once. The matter brooks no delay. Perhaps, at the Feast, he might raise a commotion, and then it might come to pass that we should be consigned to the place which we have destined for him."

"No delay!" cried some other **priests**, "no delay!"

Then another *Pharisee* **Josue** stood up and said, "We cannot now seize him openly by force. We must carry out our scheme cunningly and in secret. Let us find out where he usually spends the night, then we could fall upon him unobserved, take him into custody and throw him into a dungeon where never again would he see the light of day."

Nathanael sprang to his feet, for the auspicious moment had come—the furious merchants from the Temple were without in the courtyard. "To track the fox to his lair will not be difficult. We could then soon find some one to help, if it should please the High Council to offer a large reward."

Caiaphas at once put the resolution to the Sanhedrin. Rising from his seat he said, "If ye, assembled fathers, agree, then, in the name of the High Council, I will issue notice that whoever knows of his nightly resort, and will inform us of the same, will be rewarded for his pains."

With one voice the rulers and chief priests and scribes cried out, rising from their seats, "We are all agreed!"

Then said **Nathanael**, "Without doubt we could secure the services, as informers, of those men whom the Galilean to-day has

injured so deeply in the sight of all the people, driving them with a scourge out of the Temple. From of old they were zealous of the Law, but now they are thirsting for revenge against him who has made so unheard-of an attack upon their privileges."

"But where," asked **Annas**, "are these traders to be found?"

"They are waiting," said **Nathanael**, "in readiness in the outer court. I have promised them to be the advocate of their cause before the holy Sanhedrin, and they await our decision."

"Worthy priest," said **Caiaphas**, "inform them that the High Council is disposed to listen to their grievance, and bring them in."

Nathanael, as he went, said, "This will be a joy to them, and of great use to us."

When Nathanael left the hall, **Caiaphas** addressed the Council with words of cheer: "The God of our fathers has not withdrawn his hand from us. Moses still watches over us. If only we can succeed in gathering around us a nucleus of men out of the people, then I no longer dread the result. Friends and brethren, let us be of good courage, our fathers look down upon us from Abraham's bosom." "God bless our High Priest!" rang through the hall, as **Nathanael**, followed by *Dathan* and the other *traders*, returned to his place. He introduced them thus: "High priests and chosen teachers! These men, worthy of our blessing, appear before this assembly in order to lodge a complaint against the notorious Jesus of Nazareth, who has to-day insulted them in the Temple in an unheard-of fashion and brought them to grief."

Then with one voice the **Traders**, led by Dathan, cried out, "We beseech the Council to procure us satisfaction. The Council ought to support our righteous demands." The **Priests**

and **Pharisees** responded eagerly, "Ye shall have satisfaction, we will answer for that."

Then ensued the following dialogue between the traders and the Sanhedrin:

Kore. Has not the Council authorised us to display for sale, openly in the Court of the Temple all things needful for the sacrifice?

Sadok. Yes, that has been sanctioned. Woe be to those who disturb you in the exercise of this right!

Booz. And the Galilean has driven us out with a scourge.

Abrion. And the tables of the money-changers has he overturned, and released the doves. We demand satisfaction.

Caiaphas. That ye should have satisfaction the law decrees. Your losses will be made good in the meantime out of the Temple treasury (joy among the traders). But that the offender himself may be duly punished, it is necessary for us to have your help. What can we do, so long as he is not in our power?

Esron. He goes daily to the Temple; there he can easily be arrested and carried off.

Caiaphas. That will not do. Ye know that as he has a multitude of excited followers, such a course might lead to a dangerous uproar. The thing must be done quietly.

Booz. That could be done best at night-time.

Caiaphas. If ye could find out where he retires at night he would soon be without tumult in our hands. Then would ye not only have the delight of seeing him chastised, but also a considerable reward would fall to your lot.

Nathanael. And ye would also have rendered good service to the law of Moses if ye assist in this. Then all the **Traders** cried out together: "You can depend on us, we will spare no trouble." And all the priests and Pharisees congratulated them-

selves that the business was going well. **Dathan,** conspicuous by his apparel, then volunteered a statement. He said, "I know one of his followers, from whom I could easily gain some information if I could offer him a sufficient reward."

Caiaphas at once authorised him, "If thou findest such a one make all necessary promises in our name. Only don't loiter: we must attain our end before the feast."

Annas enjoined the strictest silence, to which with one voice the **Traders** responded "We swear it," and then **Caiaphas** proceeded to urge upon them the need of creating a party on their side among the people. "If, my good fellows, ye really desire fully to glut your longing for revenge, then take care and use every means to kindle in others the same holy zeal which glows in you."

Ephraim answered that they had not waited for his prompting, but had already brought several others over to their side. "We will not rest until the whole populace is roused against him," added **Moses.** Annas and Caiaphas applauded their zeal. "Ye will thereby merit the greatest gratitude from the Council," said **Annas,** and **Caiaphas** chimed in, "Openly will ye then be honoured before all the people as ye have been to-day put to shame before them by this presumptuous man."

"Our life for the law of Moses," then cried **Kore,** "and the holy Sanhedrin." "The God of Abraham guide you," said **Caiaphas,** dismissing them, and they left the hall crying aloud, "Long live Moses, long live the High Priest and the Sanhedrin. Even to-day may the rôle of the Galilean be played out."

Then **Caiaphas** addressed these parting words to the Council. "As though refreshed by sweet slumbers, I live once more. With such men as these we can put everything through. Now we shall see who will triumph—He with his followers to whom

he is always preaching love, a love which is to include publicans and sinners and even the Gentiles also, or we with this troop inspired by hate and revenge which we are sending against him. There can be no doubt to which side the victory will incline."

"The God of our fathers give us the victory!" said **Annas**; "joy in my old age will renew my youth."

Then said **Caiaphas**, "Let us now break up, looking forward with confidence to the joy of victory. Praised be our fathers." And **all** the assembly with a deep sonorous voice exclaimed, "Praised be the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

He who clear-eyed looks through the future's mystery,
Sees the lowering tempest which, threatening, gathers,
Sees the clouds approaching, which will o'er His head
Burst with their thunders.

Lingering yet while in the midst of His loved ones,
He hath said to those friends the word of parting—
Word—ah, me!—the soul of His faithful mother
Cruelly wounding.

See how, deeply grieving, Tobias' mother
Gazes after the son of her heart in parting,
And pours forth the sorrow of love so tender
In tears down-streaming.

Thus, too, weeps the Mother of our Redeemer,
Watching her loved One, as He goes unflinching
In His love, to blot out men's sins for ever
With His death ransom.

TABLEAU IV.

[The fourth tableau, taken from the Apocrypha, represents the departure of Tobias, who, with his little dog, takes leave of his parents before setting forth with the angel Raphael, who is in undress, with a staff instead of wings. The little dog stands like a stuffed animal, if indeed it is not.]

Friends, what bitter pain and woe
Had a mother's heart to know
When her son by Raphael's hand
Led into a foreign land,
Hastened at his father's hest.

With "Alas!" and "Woe is me!"
Gazing after him, cries she,
"Tarry not, but soon return,
Leave me not in vain to mourn,
Light and comfort of my breast."

"Ah! Tobias! dearest one,
Haste thee back, mine only son,
To my arms! In thee alone
Can my heart forget her moan
And rejoice with fairest joy!"

Comfortless she still mourns on
All joy from her life has gone
Gone until that happy hour
When to her a heavenly power
Brings again her best-loved son.

PROLOGUE.

See the Bride in Solomon's Song, lamenting—
How she weeps and wails for the vanished Bridegroom,
How she calls and seeks
Rest and Peace she knows not till she shall find Him.

Greater is the pain in the heart of Mary,
Piercing through her soul indeed like a sword-thrust,
Even though relieved,
By sweet and submissive trust in the Father.

TABLEAU V.

[The fifth tableau shows us the Bride in the Song of Solomon, who is lamenting the lost and absent Bridegroom. She is gorgeously arrayed in the midst of a bevy of eight companions in the traditional flower-garden; and while it is displayed the chorus sings a lament as ardent in its passion as the original in Canticles. Christ, of course, is prefigured by the absent bridegroom; the lamenting bride, who appeals to the daughters of Jerusalem, is the Church, the Lamb's Bride of the Apocalypse.]

Oh! where is He, the Beautiful
All glorious one above?
My weary eyes they weep for Him
The burning tears of love.

Oh! come to me! Oh! come to me!
Look on these tears that fall!
Beloved, dost Thou linger yet?
Oh! answer when I call.

Mine eyes are searching everywhere
For Thee upon all ways,—
My heart to meet Thee forth doth haste,
With daylight's earliest rays.

Beloved! what is it I feel?
How sinks my heart with pain!
Beloved friend, be comforted!
Thy Friend shall come again.

Oh! wait, dear heart, for soon He comes
To take thee to His side;
And then no cloud shall dim thy joy
Or that reunion hide.

THE LEAVE-TAKING AT BETHANY.

JESUS accompanied by all his disciples, sets out to pay his last visit to Bethany. *Peter*, with his staff in hand, walked with *John* beside the Master. *Judas* was present, with dishevelled locks and haggard look, *James the Elder* and *James the Less*, and *Andrew* and *Thomas*, and the rest of the *disciples*.

Then **Jesus** spoke unto them, and said, "Ye know, dear disciples, that after two days is the feast of the Passover. So now let us make one last visit to our friends in Bethany, and then go to Jerusalem, where in these days all will be fulfilled which has been written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man."

The disciples understood not his saying, and after some questioning among themselves **Philip** ventured to address Jesus, saying unto him, "Has the day then really come at last when

thou wilt restore the kingdom to Israel?" **Jesus** looked upon Philip with tender compassion, and said unto him, "Then shall the Son of Man be delivered up to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked and spat upon, and they will crucify him; but on the third day he will rise again." Then said **John**, in a voice that trembled with emotion, as the other disciples gazed at each other in horror, "Dear Master, what dark and terrible words thou speakest. What are we to understand by them? Make it clear unto us."

Then **Jesus** answered and said unto him, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. Now is the judgment of the world. Now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Then were the breasts of the disciples troubled, for they could not understand what these things meant. **Thaddeus** said to Simon, "What does he mean by this speech?"

Simon replied with a puzzled air, "Why does he compare himself to a grain of corn?"

Then said **Andrew** unto him, "Lord, thou speakest at once of shame and of victory. I know not how to reconcile those ideas in my mind."

Jesus said, "That which is now dark to you as the night will be as clear as the day. I have told you before, that ye may not lose courage whatever may happen. Believe and hope. When the tribulation is past, then ye will see and understand."

Thomas answered and said unto him, "What I cannot understand is that thou shouldst speak of suffering and of death. Have we not heard from the prophets that the Messiah shall live for ever? Thou who can'st raise the dead can'st not die. What can thine enemies do unto thee? One single word from thee would annihilate them all."

Jesus said unto him, "Thomas, reverence the secret counsels of God which thou canst not fathom."

Then, turning to the others, he said, "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness overtake you." To which the **Disciples** replied: "Lord, abide with us. Without thee we are like sheep without a shepherd."

By this time they had approached near the village of Bethany, and there met them one *Simon*, after whom there came *Lazarus*, who was raised from the dead, with *Martha*, his sister, and *Mary Magdalene*, the latter tall, dark, with long black hair, in dark blue dress with a yellow mantle.

Simon pressed forward; he was an old man, and he hastened to meet Jesus. "Welcome, best of teachers. O what joy that thou shouldst honour my house with thy entrance. Dear friends, be also welcome," he exclaimed; but he was startled to hear the reply, "Simon, for the last time I, with my disciples, lay claim to thy hospitality."

Simon replied in grief, "Say not so, Lord. Often still shall Bethany afford thee a brief repose."

By this time Lazarus drew near: he was of less than middle stature, and silent, as if his sojourn in the other world left him little to speak of in this. "See," said **Jesus**, "there is our friend Lazarus." "My Lord," cried **Lazarus**, embracing him, "the Vanquisher of Death, Lifegiver and Lord, I see thee once again, and hear the voice that called me from the grave."

Then hastened the **Magdalen** to his side, and, kneeling down, "Rabbi," she exclaimed; **Martha** also said, "Welcome, Rabbi."

Then **Jesus** blessed them, saying, "God's blessing be upon you!"

Then **Martha** asked, "Wilt thou, Lord, grant me the happiness of serving thee?" while the **Magdalen** timidly inquired, "Wilt thou not despise a token of love and gratitude from me?"

And **Jesus** replied with tenderness, "Do, good souls, that which ye purpose to do."

Then said **Simon**, "Best of masters, come under my roof, and refresh thyself and thy disciples."

So **Jesus** entered into Simon's house, exclaiming, "Peace be upon this house:" to which the **disciples** added, speaking together, "And to all that dwell therein." Then said **Simon**, "Lord, all is ready, set thee down at table and bid thy disciples sit down also."

Then **Jesus** sat down to meat, saying, "Let us now, beloved disciples, enjoy with thanks the gifts which our Father in heaven bestows upon us through Simon his servant. O Jerusalem, would that my coming were as dear to thee as it is to these my friends! But thou art stricken with blindness."

"Yes, Lord," remarked **Lazarus**; "O best of masters, dangers threaten there. The Pharisees stand anxiously awaiting to see whether thou wilt come up to the Passover. They are eagerly conspiring for thy destruction." **Simon** said, "Stay here, Lord; here thou art safe."

Then **Peter** interposed with an entreaty, "Lord, it is good to be here. Remain here, in the seclusion of this house, served by faithful love, till the gathering storm be passed."

But **Jesus** rebuked him sternly, saying, "Get thee behind me, tempter. Thou savourest not of the things that are of God, but those that be of men. Can the reaper tarry in the shade while the ripe harvest awaits him? The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Then the dark-browed **Judas** spoke, uttering this time the thought of all. "But, Master, what will become of us if thou givest up thy life?"

A chorus of approval burst from all the **disciples,** "Ah, all our hopes would then be destroyed."

"Trouble not yourselves," said **Jesus,** "I have power to lay down my life and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."

And lo, while they were yet speaking, **Mary Magdalene** silently approached Jesus, carrying in her hand a bottle of ointment of spikenard, very precious, which she poured over his head as she murmured but one word, "Rabbi." And **Jesus** also said but one word, "Mary!" but his tone was full of tenderness and love.

As the perfume of the ointment filled the room, the disciples spoke among themselves. "What an exquisite odour!" said **Thomas,** leaning past the others to look. "It is real oil of spikenard, very costly," said **Bartholomew. Thaddeus** added, "Such an honour has never been shown to our Master." But **Judas** could not contain himself. He growled from his distant seat, "To what purpose is this waste? The money might have been much better expended." "Yes," said **Thomas,** "I almost think so too."

Then the **Magdalen,** heedless of the murmurs of the disciples, knelt down and anointed Jesus' feet and wiped them with her long black tresses. **Jesus,** after a little while, noticing the muttering down the table, asked, "What are ye saying to each other? Why do ye condemn that which is done only from grateful love?" The Magdalen knelt back, sheltering herself as it were behind her Lord. **Judas** blurted out impetuously his dissatisfaction. "To pour out so much costly ointment, what wasteful extravagance!"

"Friend Judas," said **Jesus**, "look at me. Is what is done for me, thy master, waste?"

Judas said, "I know that thou lovest not useless expense; the ointment might have been sold and the poor helped with the money!" Hearing Judas' answer, he half turned away, and looked wearily upwards, folding his hands.

"Judas," said **Jesus**, somewhat sternly, "hand upon thy heart now! Is it only pity for the poor which moves thee so much?"

Judas replied, "At least three hundred pence could have been got for it. What a loss both for the poor and for us."

Then **Jesus** answered and said, "The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always."

Then he said, "Let her alone, she has wrought a good work on me, for in that she has poured out the ointment upon me, she has anointed me for my burial. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached through the whole world, there shall also this that she hath done be told for a memorial of her."

He then said to the disciples, "Let us arise,"—and, then turning to Simon his host, he said, "I thank thee, benevolent man, for thy hospitality. The Father will repay it unto thee."

"Say nothing of thanks, Master," said **Simon**; "I know what I owe to thee."

Then **Jesus** arose and said, "It is time to go hence. Farewell, all ye dwellers in this hospitable house. My disciples, follow me."

Peter said unto him, "Lord, wherever thou wilt, only not to Jerusalem."

Jesus answered, "I go where my Father calls me. If it please thee to remain here, Peter, do so." Then **Peter** declared, "Lord, where thou abidest there will I also abide; whither thou goest, there go I also."

Jesus said, "Come, then." The disciples arose, and, clasping their staffs, were ready to depart. Then **Jesus** turned to Mary Magdalene and Martha, and said, "Remain here, beloved! Once more, fare ye well. Dear, peaceful Bethany, never more shall I tarry in thy quiet vale."

Simon, sore troubled in spirit as he heard these words, said unto him, "Then thou wilt really depart hence for ever?" **Mary Magdalene** threw herself at his feet, and said, "Alas, I am filled with terrible forebodings. Friend of my soul! My heart—oh! my heart—it will not let thee go."

Jesus said unto her, "Stand up, Mary. The night cometh and the winter storms come blustering on. But be comforted. In the early morning, in the garden of spring, thou shalt see me again."

Lazarus exclaimed, "Oh! my friend, my benefactor!"

"Alas!" cried **Martha,** "comfort and joy of my heart, thou art going; and comest thou back never more?"

Jesus said, "The Father wills it, beloved. Wherever I am, I bear you ever with me in my heart, and wherever ye are, my blessing will follow you. Farewell."

And behold, as they turned to go, there met them *Mary* the mother of Jesus with her companions. Mary had a white mantle round her head, from beneath which her long dark hair hung down. She hastened to her son, crying: "Jesus, dearest son, I hastened after thee with my friends, in eager longing to see thee once more before thou goest, ah—whither?"

Jesus clasped her hands gently and replied, "Mother, I am on the way to Jerusalem."

"To Jerusalem?" said his **mother.** "There is the Temple of Jehovah, whither I once carried thee in my arms to offer to the Lord."

"Mother," said **Jesus,** in solemn sadness, "the hour is come when according to the will of the Father I shall offer myself. I am ready to complete the sacrifice which the Father demands from me."

"Ah," cried **Mary,** with a bitter and piteous cry, "I foresee what kind of a sacrifice that will be." John and Mary Magdalene had joined the mother of Jesus, and the two Maries standing together united their lament. "How much we had wished," said the **Magdalen,** "to keep back the Master and make him remain with us." "It is of no use," said **Simon,** gloomily, "his purpose is fixed."

Then said **Jesus** to his mother, tenderly beholding her, "My hour is come." All the **disciples** cried, "Oh, ask the Father that he should let it pass by." Then all the **women** said, "The

Father has always listened to thee." But **Jesus** said, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, deliver me from this hour! But for this hour came I into the world."

But **Mary,** hearing him, exclaimed as in a trance, "Oh, venerable Simeon, now will be fulfilled that which thou once prophesied to me, 'A sword shall pierce through thine own soul.'" And as she spoke the Magdalen gently supported her from falling.

Jesus said in terms of gentle reproach, "Mother, the will of the Father was also ever sacred to thee." His word rallied her courage, and she replied, "It is so to me still. I am the handmaid of the Lord. What He requires of me I will bear patiently. But one thing I beg of thee, my son."

"What desirest thou, my mother?"

"That I may go with thee into the fierce conflict of suffering —yea, even unto death!"

"Oh, what love!" exclaimed **John,** who stood tearfully beside the two Maries, wistfully looking for some ray of hope to illuminate the darkness beyond.

Jesus embraced her lovingly. "Dear mother, thou shalt suffer with me, thou shalt fight with me in my death-struggle, but thou shalt also rejoice with me in my victory, therefore be comforted."

"Oh, God," she cried in heartrending accents, "give me strength that my heart may not break!"

"We all weep with thee, thou best of mothers," said the **Holy Women,** adding their tears to those of the Mother of Jesus.

"I go then with thee, my son, to Jerusalem," said **Mary.**

And the **Holy Women** declared they also would go with her.

But **Jesus,** holding her hand, tenderly forbade her: "Later thou mayst go thither, but not now. For the present stay with our friends at Bethany. I commend to you, O faithful souls, my beloved mother, with those who have followed her here."

Eagerly the **Magdalen** accepted the charge.

"After thee," she exclaimed, "there is no one dearer to us than thy mother." And **Simon** said, "Thou leavest with us the sweetest pledge of thy love."

But even at the eleventh hour **Lazarus** interposed one last word of entreaty: "If only thou, O Master, couldst remain!"

Not noticing this, **Jesus** said, "Comfort ye one another. After two days ye may come up together to Jerusalem, to be there on the great day of the feast."

Mary said, "As thou wilt, my son."

But the **Holy Women** said, "How sadly will the hours pass when thou art far from us."

Then **Jesus** spoke to his mother and said, "Mother, mother, for the tender love and motherly care which thou hast shown to me for the three and thirty years of my life, receive the warmest thanks of thy son." And stooping down he kissed her. Then raising his head he said, "The Father calls me. Fare thee well, best of mothers."

Mary asked him, "My son, where shall I see thee again?"

And **Jesus** replied, "There, beloved mother, where the Scripture shall be fulfilled: 'He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened not his mouth.'"

Mary, sobbing, cried aloud, "Jesus, thy mother, oh. O God, my son!"

Half fainting she was held up by the **Holy Women,** who exclaimed, "O beloved, faithful mother!"

The **Disciples** departing muttered, "We cannot endure it. What will be the end of all this?"

Then burst from their lips the despairing cry, "Alas, what affliction lies before us all?"

But **Jesus** said, "Sink not in the first combat. Hold fast by me."

All the **Disciples** repeated, "Yea, Master, fast by thee."

Lazarus and the women looking back after Christ as he passed out of sight, exclaimed, "Ah, our dear teacher," while **Simon** said, "He brought happiness to my house."

Simon then turned tenderly to Mary, and said, "Come, mother, and condescend to enter in." "One consolation remains to us in tribulation," said **Mary Magdalene,** and **Martha** added, "To have the mother of our Lord with us." Turning to the other women, **Lazarus** said, "And ye, beloved ones, come with us, we will share our woe and tears together."

All then together went into the house, Mary Magdalene supporting the mother of Jesus.

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

People of God! behold! thy Saviour is near!
He who was promised thee long ago is come
Oh! hear Him, and follow His guidance!
For blessing and life will He bring to thee.

But blind and deaf Jerusalem now appears
Thrusting back the hands held out to her in love.
Therefore the highest too doth turn away
And let her to destruction sink.

Queen Vashti, in her pride, despised the royal feast;—
The king, in his grievous wrath, hath banished her
Out of his presence, and hath chosen
A nobler soul to be his royal mate.

Thus the synagogue is also turned away
And the kingdom of the Lord passing from her
Is given to other greater nations
Who shall bring forth fruits of righteousness.

TABLEAU VI.

[The sixth tableau, which is supposed to typify the doom of Jerusalem for the rejection of the Saviour, presents us with a picture of the Court of Ahasuerus at the moment when Vashti the Queen is falling before the wrath of her Royal consort, who is welcoming Esther to the vacant throne. Vashti's beauty is all exposed to the assembled banqueters, but exposed in shame and disgrace instead of being exhibited as the glory of her lord's harem. Her fate is declared by the chorus to foreshadow that of the Synagogue.]

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! awake!
Know what belongs unto thy peace, ere the day come
When, if thou lingerest, God will vengeance take,
Unhappy one, in fearful strokes of doom.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Oh! turn unto thy God again;
Despise thou not with mockery vain
His mercy's warning call.
Lest on thee, cursed of the Lord,
In fulness measureless outpoured,
The wrath Almighty fall.

But she, alas! she who the prophets slew,
Reels on in her mad course to outrage new:
Therefore, thus saith the Lord,
This people is abhorr'd.

See Vashti—see the haughty one, outcast—
Symbol of what befell the Synagogue at last.

"Depart thou from before my throne,
O haughty woman, of the crown
Unworthy!" spake the king in wrath.

"Thou, Esther, come unto my side,
This throne's for thee, my chosen bride;
Through life our feet shall tread one path."

Even so, the day of grace is past—
"This haughty people is outcast
From me," so doth the Lord declare:
A better nation He will choose
Eternally to be His spouse,
As Ahasuerus Esther fair.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Ye sinners! hearken to God's word
If ye would mercy win,
And put away from out your hearts
The leavened bread of sin.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM.

Now as they came nigh unto Jerusalem they looked down upon the whole city which lay before them. Then said **John** unto Jesus, "Master, behold what a splendid view of Jerusalem from this spot!" **Matthew** said, "The majestic Temple, how splendidly it is built!" **Jesus** was troubled in spirit, and after gazing for a moment over the city, clasped his hands in grief and cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O that thou hadst known even in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hidden from thine eyes!" Jesus wept.

His disciples, beholding him weep, were amazed. At last **Peter** ventured to say, "Master, why grievest thou so sorely?" **Jesus** answered, "My Peter, the fate of this unhappy city goes to my heart." Then said **John,** "Lord, tell us, what shall this fate be?" **Jesus** answered and said unto them, "The days shall come when her enemies shall make a trench about her walls, and compass her in on every side, and lay her even with the ground. She and her children within her walls shall be dashed to the earth, and not one stone be left upon another."

Andrew, giving expression to the general consternation, asked, "Wherefore shall the city have so sad a doom?" **Jesus** said, "Because she hath not known the day of her visitation. Alas! she who hath slain the prophets will kill the Messiah himself." Then spoke all the disciples together, "What a terrible deed!" **James the Elder** said, "God forbid that the city of Jehovah should bring such a curse upon herself." And **John**, with pleading voice, added, "Dearest Master, for the sake of the Holy City and the Temple, I beg of thee go not thither, so that the opportunity may be wanting to those evil men to do the worst." "Or," said **Peter,** "go thither and display thyself in all thy majesty, so that the good may rejoice and the evil tremble." "Yes," cried all the twelve eagerly, "do that." **Philip** said, "Strike down thine enemies!" and **all** added earnestly, "And set up the kingdom of God among men." **Jesus** answered, "Children, that which ye desire shall come to pass in due time, but my ways are appointed to me by my Father, and thus saith the Lord, My thoughts are not as your thoughts, and My ways are not as your ways."

Then, as if to cut short a useless discussion, he said, "Peter!" **Peter** replied, "What wilt thou, Lord?" and **Jesus** continued, "It is now the first day of unleavened bread, in which the law commands that we should eat the Passover; ye, both Peter and John, go forward and prepare the Passover that we may eat it in the evening." **Peter** and **John,** who stood the one on his left and the other on his right, asked, "Where wilt thou, Lord, that we prepare the Passover?" **Jesus** said, "When ye are entered into the city there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water, follow ye him, and wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the good man of the house, 'The Master saith, Where is the guest-chamber where I may eat the Passover with my disciples?' and he shall show you a large upper chamber, furnished and prepared; there make ready the Passover." "Thy blessing,

O best of masters!" said **Peter**. He and John knelt down on either side of their Lord, **Jesus** placed his right hand on the head of John and his left on the head of Peter, exclaiming, "God's blessing be with you."

Peter and John having departed, **Jesus** said to the others, "Accompany me for the last time to the House of my Father. To-day ye will go with me thither; to-morrow——" Then **Judas**, who had for some time past stood apart, came forward and said, "But, Master, allow me; if thou wilt really leave us, make some arrangement for our future support. Look here," he added, pointing to the small bag almost empty of coin, which he carried in his girdle, "there is not enough here for one day more." **Jesus** looked upon him, and said, "Judas, do not be more anxious than is needful." But **Judas** went on muttering, and looking, not at his Lord, but at the bag, "How well the value of that uselessly wasted ointment would have lain therein! Three hundred pence! How long we could have lived on it without care!" **Jesus** reproved him, saying, "Ye have never lacked anything hitherto and, believe me, that what is necessary will not fail you in time to come." **Judas** said, "But, Master, when thou art no longer with us our good friends will soon draw back, and then——" **Jesus** said unto him, "Friend Judas, beware lest thou fall into temptation." **The other Disciples** who had listened to this conversation then interrupted, saying all together, "Judas, trouble not the Master so much." **Judas** retorted, "Who will take thought if I do not? Have I not been appointed by the Master to carry the bag?" "Thou hast," said **Jesus**, "but I fear——" "And I also fear," interrupted **Judas**, "that soon it will be empty and remain so." Then **Jesus** went close up to him, and said gravely and gently, "Judas, forget not my warning. Arise, now let us go hence, I desire to be in the House of my Father." Jesus then, followed by his disciples, excepting Judas, passed on to the city.

Judas, being left alone, said to himself--

"Shall I follow him any longer? I do not much care to do so. The Master's conduct to me is very inexplicable. His great deeds allowed us to hope that he would restore again the kingdom to Israel. But he does not seize the opportunities that offer themselves, and now he constantly talks of parting and dying, and puts us off with mysterious words about a

future which lies too far off in the dim distance for me. I am tired of hoping and waiting. I can see very well, that with him there is no prospect of anything but continued poverty and humiliation,—and instead of the sharing, as we expected, in his glorious kingdom, we shall perhaps be persecuted and thrown into prison with him. I will draw back, whilst there is yet time. It is a good thing that I was always prudent and cautious, and have now and then laid aside a trifle out of the bag, in case of need. How useful I should find those 300 pence now, which that foolish woman threw away on a useless mark of respect. If, as seems likely, the society is about to dissolve, they would have remained in my hands—then I should have been safe for a long while to come. As it is, I must consider the question, where and how I can find subsistence."

As he stood alone under the trees, perplexed and troubled, **Dathan** appeared in the background, and spying Judas, said to himself, "The occasion is favourable. He is alone and seems much perplexed. I must try everything in order to secure him. A great reward depends upon it." Then stepping forward he laid his hand upon the shoulder of Judas, exclaiming, "Friend Judas!" Judas started as if a serpent had stung him, and striking his head with his hand cried, "Who calls?" "A friend," said **Dathan**; "has anything sad happened to thee? Thou art so absorbed in thought." **Judas**, staring wildly, asked, "Who art thou?" "Thy friend, thy brother," said **Dathan**. **Judas**, starting backward, exclaimed, "Thou my friend, my brother?"

"At least," said **Dathan,** "I wish to be so. How is it with the Master? I also would like to become one of his disciples." **Judas** said, "One of his disciples?—whilst I—" "Why?" said **Dathan;** "hast thou then forsaken him? Are things not well with him? Tell me, that I may know how to act." Then **Judas** said unto him, "Canst thou keep silence?" "Be assured of that," said **Dathan.** "Then," answered **Judas,** "it is no longer going well with him. He says himself his last hour has come." And then **Judas** rapidly ran over the various predictions of disaster which he had heard from the lips of Jesus. "I intend to forsake him, for he will yet bring us all to ruin. See here," said he, producing the almost empty purse, "I am treasurer,—see how it stands with us." "Friend," said **Dathan,** shrugging his shoulders, "I shall remain as I am."

At this moment six of Dathan's *companions* came up. **Judas,** alarmed, asked, "Who are these? I will not say another word." "Stay, friend," said **Kore,** one of the new comers, "thou wilt not regret it." **Judas** said, "Why have ye come here?" "We were going back to Jerusalem, and we will bear thee company if it please thee." **Judas,** suspiciously eyeing them, asked, "Do ye also, perhaps, wish to go after the Master?" Then said **Abrion** another of the Traders, "Has he gone to Jerusalem?" "For the last time," said **Judas;** "so he says." "What?" said **they,** "for the last time? Is he then never going to leave the land of Judæa again?" "Why do ye ask me that so eagerly?" said **Judas.** "Do ye wish to become his followers?" "Why not," said the **Traders** with a laugh, "if the prospects are good." "I can see no brilliant prospects" muttered **Judas.** Turning to him **Dathan** said: "Explain to us, Judas, the meaning of thy words that he would bring you all to ruin." And **Judas** replied: "He tells us always to take no thought for the morrow; but if to-day anything happened, we should all be as poor as beggars. Doth a master care thus for his own?" "Truly,"

said **Abrion**, the out-look is bad." Then **Judas** related once more the story of Mary Magdalene's waste of precious ointment: "And at the same time, this very day, he permitted the most senseless waste, which a foolish woman was guilty of, thinking do him honour; and when I found fault with this, I only met with reproachful words and looks." "And thou canst still care for him after that," said **Moses**, contemptuously, "and art still willing to remain with him? added **Boos**. Thou shouldst take thought for thine own future; it is high time, I should think," said **Dathan**. "So I have been thinking," said **Judas**, "but how can I find a good opening?" Then said **Dathan**, "Thou hast not far to seek, for the fairest opportunity is awaiting thee." "Where? How?" said **Judas**, eagerly. "Hast thou not heard," said the **Traders**, "of the proclamation of the Council? Such a good opportunity of making thy fortune wilt thou never find again thy whole life long." **Judas's** eyes gleamed. "What proclamation?" he asked. **Dathan** answered, "Whosoever gives information as to the nightly resort of Jesus of Nazareth shall receive a large reward." "Dos't thou hear," echoed **Kore**, "a large reward." "A large reward!" said **Judas**. "Now who," said **Moses**, "can earn it easier than thou?" **Dathan** muttered to himself, "We have nearly attained our end." **Ephraim** pressed Judas anew, "Brother, don't neglect this good fortune." **Judas** said, hesitatingly, "A fair opportunity. Shall I let it slip?" Then struck in **Dathan**, "The Council will look after thee in the future. Who knows what might not yet come of it for thee!" "Consent, friend! Strike

the bargain," cried all the **Traders** together. **Judas** hesitated one moment and then clasped Dathan's hand saying, "Well, be it so." "Come, Judas," said **Dathan**, "we will bring thee straightway to the Council." But **Judas** said, "No, I must first go after the Master, and so obtain information in order to make things sure." **Dathan** said, "Well then, we will go to the Council and report in the meantime. But when and where shall we meet?" "In three hours you will find me in the street of the Temple," replied **Judas**. **Dathan** and the **Traders** said: "Good thou art a friend, a brother, a man." Judas then shook hands all round with the traders. "Done!" exclaimed **Judas**, as Dathan and the traders left him.

Judas was now alone. He walked to and fro under the trees and said to himself:—

"My word is given; I shall not repent of it. Would it not be wicked to refuse this money which I can earn without any trouble. Ought I to let this chance go by? My fortune is made. I will do what I promised, but will make them pay me in advance. If, then, the Priests succeed in taking him prisoner,—if his reign is over,—I have assured my own prospects, and will, besides, become famous through all Judæa, as a man who has helped to save the law of Moses, and shall reap praise and glory. But if the Master shall gain the victory and reveals his majesty, then—yes, then—I will cast me down repentant at his feet, for he is good. I have never seen him drive the penitent from him. He will take me back again, and then I shall have the credit of bringing things to a definite issue. Anyhow I will not forsake the Master entirely. I'll take good care to leave a bridge behind, so that, should I be unable to go forward, I can return.

This plan is well thought out. Judas, thou art a prudent man! And yet I feel a little afraid to meet the Master, for I shall not be able to bear his keen, searching look, and my comrades will see by my face that I am a—— No! I will not be that! I am no traitor! What am I going to do but let the Jews know where the Master is to be found? That is no betrayal. Betrayal is something more than that. Away with these fancies! Courage, Judas, thy future is at stake!"

Judas, who had started with horror when he first mentioned the word traitor, resolved to play his appointed rôle and departed to find Jesus.

And it came to pass that when Peter and John were still on their way to Jerusalem, **Baruch**, the servant of Mark, came out into the street with a pitcher for water which he went to get filled at the well.

As he went he said to himself, "There is a great deal of business to-day, there will be no lack of work this Passover; from the great crowd of pilgrims, we can expect nothing else. My master must expect many guests, as he is already making so much to-do in the house." When he was drawing the water, *John* and *Peter* came upon him. "See," said **John**, "there is someone at the well." **Baruch** not noticing them went on drawing the water, saying, "There must be something exceptional at this Passover, seeing the way in which the Rulers of the Council hasten about hither and thither." As he lifted the pitcher and turned to go, **Peter** said, "This is he who carries the pitcher of water that our Master gave us for a sign." Then said **John**, "Let us follow him." **Baruch** looked round as he came to the door of his master's house, and seeing the disciples said, "Will ye come in with me, friends? ye are welcome." "We wish," said **John**, "to speak with thy master." "Perhaps," said **Baruch**, "ye desire to celebrate the Passover here?" "Yes," said **Peter**, "the Master desired us to bring this request to thy master." Then said **Baruch**, "Come with me. It will be a joy to my master to take you into his house. There see," he said, as *Mark* came out of the house, "there he is himself.

See, master, I bring guests." "Welcome, strangers," said **Mark**, "how can I serve you?" Then said **Peter** unto him, "Our Teacher sent us to say unto thee, 'My time is at hand. I will keep the Passover in thy house with my disciples.'" "Oh, joy!" exclaimed **Mark**, "now I recognise you as the disciples of the miracle-worker who restored to me the light of my eyes. How have I deserved that he should choose my house before all others that are in Jerusalem in which to celebrate the Passover? Oh, fortunate man that I am, that it should be my house which he honours with his presence. Come, dear friends, I will at once show you the guest chamber. Whatever is needful ye have but to command and it will be provided—Come." **Peter** and **John** replied, "Good friend, we follow thee." And they went into the house and found all things as Jesus had said unto them.

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Before the Heavenly Friend forth to His Passion goes
He, urged by His sacred love gives up himself
Unto His own to feed their souls
On their pilgrimage here on earth.

Ready to offer Himself, here He doth consecrate
A sacrificial feast that for all time shall last
And proclaim His love for aye
Unto the ransomed race of men.

In the desert of old, the Lord fed wondrously,
With the manna from heaven, Israel's children once,
And with grapes out of Canaan
Made He their failing hearts rejoice.

But a better food, and truly the bread of heaven,
Jesus offers to us. Out of the mystery
Of His Body and Blood
Flow for us grace and salvation.

TABLEAU VII.

[The seventh and eighth tableaux foreshadow the Last Supper. Both are marvellous displays of artistic skill in grouping hundreds of persons in a comparatively small space. The first is the gathering of the manna in the wilderness; the second the return of the spies from the Promised Land with a bunch of grapes so colossal as to cause two strong men to stagger beneath its weight. The whole of the stage is a mosaic of heads and hands. Four hundred persons, including 150 children, are grouped in these two great living pictures, and so motionless are they

that you might almost imagine that they were a group in coloured marble. The tableaux are conventional enough. Moses has his two gilt rays like horns jutting out of his head, the manna falls from above upon the stage like snow in a theatrical winter piece, and there is no attempt to reduce the dimensions of the bunch of grapes to credible proportions. The reference to the manna and to the land that flowed with milk and honey lead up to the institution of the Last Supper.]

Now doth the hour draw near
When all shall be fulfilled
Which God, by mouth of many a seer,
Of old to man revealed.
"This people"—thus, O Lord, saidst Thou—
"In them I have no pleasure now.
From sinful hands I will not take
The gifts and offerings that they make.
I consecrate a Banquet new."
(Thus saith the Lord): "The whole earth through.
One sacrifice this feast shall be
In the new Covenant with me."

The wonder in Sin's wilderness befell
Is symbol of this blessed feast as well.
The Lord is good! The Lord is good!
The hungry He provides with food,—
With heav'nly food to-day,
In new and wondrous way.

But death all those away has swept
Who in the wilderness were kept,
And with that bread relieved.
But the New Cov'nant's sacred Bread
Preserves the soul that else were dead.
If worthily received.

TABLEAU VIII.

The Lord is good! The Lord is kind!
For when with thirst His people pined,
He gave the vine's best juice
That Canaan could produce.

But this fair fruit the earth hath grown
God for the body's need alone
Provided for our sake:
While the New Cov'nant's blessed wine
Shall be the sacred Blood Divine—
The soul's deep thirst to slake.

The Lord is good! The Lord is good!
He in the Covenant renew'd
Doth give, in Salem's hall,
His Flesh and Blood for all.

THE LAST SUPPER.

IN the supper chamber which Mark had prepared for the Passover, *Jesus* and his *disciples* stood round a long table. Jesus stood in the centre, with *Peter* on his right and *John* upon his left. *Judas*, sullen and scowling, sat next to Peter, and the other disciples were arranged in their order. The table was covered with a white cloth with embroidered edges. On the cloth stood a flagon of wine and several cups, and a plate on which lay a loaf of bread **Jesus,** standing in the midst, said unto them, "With longing have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer, for I say unto you I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God." **Jesus** then took the cup, and lifting it with both hands, looked up to heaven and said, "It thank thee for this fruit of the vine." Then drinking of it he passed the cup to *Peter*, who also drank and passed it to *Judas*, who in his turn, after drinking, passed it to the next disciple, and so on until it went all round. "Take this," said **Jesus**, as he passed the cup to Peter, "and divide it amongst yourselves, for I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come." Then exclaimed **all the disciples** together, "Alas, Lord, is this then the last Passover?" **Jesus** said unto them, "There is a cup which I will drink with you in the kingdom of God my Father. As it is written, 'Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.'" Then said **Peter** unto him, "Master, when this kingdom shall appear, how will the offices be portioned out?" "Who amongst us," said **James the Elder,** "will have the first place?" Then **Thomas** said, "Will each one of us have lordship over a separate land?" "That would be much the best," said **Bartholomew**; "then no dispute would arise amongst us." Then **Jesus** looked upon them and said, "So long a time have I been amongst you, and are ye still entangled in earthly things? Verily, I appoint unto you, which have continued with me in my temptations, the kingdom which my Father has appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink with me in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. But remember, the kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority over

them are called benefactors, but ye shall not be so. He that is greatest among you let him be as the least, and the chief as your servant. For whether is greater he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat; but I am among you as one that serveth."

Thereupon John removed the long purple robe from the shoulders of Jesus, and handed him a white linen towel with which he girded himself round the middle. Then came ***Baruch*** in, carrying a ewer of water and a basin. As they looked in amazement one at another, **Jesus** said unto them, "Now sit down, beloved disciples." Then said the **disciples** one to another, "What is he going to do?" **Jesus**, turning to Peter, said, "Peter, reach me thy foot!" **Peter**, starting backward in amazement, said, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Then said **Jesus**, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." **Peter** replied stoutly, "Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet." But **Jesus** said, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me." **Peter** said, "Lord, if it be so, then not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." But **Jesus** answered, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." Then, stooping down, Baruch poured the water over the feet of Peter, and Jesus dried them with a towel. The other disciples took the sandals off their feet, whispering to themselves in wonder as to what this might mean. Jesus washed the feet of Judas as those of the others. Last of all he washed the feet of John also. Then he washed his hands, Baruch pouring the water over them. After which he took off the towel, and John placed his mantle once more upon his shoulders. Looking around upon the twelve, he said, "Ye are now clean, but not all." **Jesus** then seated himself in the midst of them.

Then said **Jesus** unto them, "know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you. Verily, verily, the servant is not greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Then **Jesus** stood up again and said, "Children, but for a little while shall I be with you. That my memory may never perish from among you, I will leave behind an everlasting memorial, and so I shall ever dwell with you and amongst you. The old Covenant which my Father made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has reached its end, and I say unto you, a new Covenant begins, which I solemnly consecrate to-day with my blood, as the Father has commanded me, and this Covenant will last until all be fulfilled." Jesus then took the bread, lifted it up before him, and, replacing

it on the table, looked up to heaven and blest it. Then lifting it up again, he broke it in two, saying, "Take, eat, this is my body which was broken for you." Then passing round the table, he placed a morsel of bread with his own hand into the mouth of each of the disciples. All took it reverently, but Judas bit at it almost as a dog snatcheth meat from its master's hand. After **Jesus** had returned to his place, he said, "This do in remembrance of me." In like manner he took the cup and blest it, and said, "Take this, and drink ye all of it: for this is the cup of the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins." Then passing round the table again he gave each of them to drink, and, returning to his place, he said, "As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me."

Then **John** in an ecstasy of affection exclaimed, "Oh, best of masters, never will I forget thy love! Thou knowest that I love thee," and leaning forward he laid his head on the breast of Jesus. The rest of the twelve, who were sitting with clasped hands, with the exception of Judas, who sat apart moody and sullen, exclaimed together, "O Master, who art so full of love for us, ever will we remain united with thee." Then said **Peter,** "This holy meal of the New Covenant shall ever be celebrated amongst us according to thy commandment." And **Matthew** added, "And as often as we shall keep it, we will remember thee and thy love." Then cried they all, "O best teacher, O divine one! O best friend and teacher!" And **Jesus** looking upon them, said, "My children, abide in me, and I in you! As the Father has loved me, so have I also loved you, continue ye in my love. But, alas, must I say it! the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table!" Judas started, but the confusion of the disciples caused his guilty look to be unnoticed. Several of the disciples exclaimed, "What! a traitor amongst us!" "Is it possible?" said **Peter.** Then **Jesus** said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me." "Lord," said **Andrew,** "one of us twelve?" "Yes," replied **Jesus,** "one of the twelve, who dipped his hand in the dish with me, shall betray me. So the Scriptures shall be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me." **Thomas** and **Simon,** speaking together with the same thought and same words, asked, "Who can this faithless one be?" while **Matthew** said, "Lord, Thou seest all hearts, Thou knowest that it is not I,"—and the two **Jameses** cried, "Name him publicly, the traitor!" "If it were I," exclaimed **Bartholomew,** "I would sink into the earth for very shame,"

and **Thaddeus** said, "Lord is it I?" Then while these words were on their lips, **Judas**, fearing lest his silence should be observed, started forward and asked furtively, "Lord, is it I?" but, excepting by Jesus, his words passed unnoticed. **Thaddeus** exclaimed, "I would rather give my life for thee than that such a deed should be done." **Jesus** looking towards Judas said, "Thou hast said." Turning to the rest **Jesus** continued, "The Son of Man indeed goeth, as it is written of him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed; good were it for him that he had never been born!" **Peter** leaning over to John, whispered to him to ask Jesus who it was. Then **John** whispered to Jesus, saying, "Lord, who is it?" **Jesus** answered, speaking so low as to be heard by John alone, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." **The others** who had not heard this, kept on asking, "Who can it be?" **Jesus**, taking a piece of bread, dipped it in the cup, placed it in the mouth of Judas, saying, "What thou doest, do quickly." Then Judas arose and hurried from the room. The disciples seeing his departure wondered among themselves, and **Thomas** said to Simon, "Why does Judas go away?" **Simon** replied, "Probably the Master has sent him to buy something," while **Thaddeus** added, "or to distribute alms to the poor."

Judas being now gone, **Jesus** spoke to the eleven, saying, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him. If God be glorified in him, God shall also glorify him in himself, and shall straightway glorify him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; but as I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come, even so now say I unto you." Then said **Peter** unto him, "Lord, whither goest thou?" **Jesus** answered, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me later." **Peter** passionately cried, "Why can I not follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake." Then **Jesus** looked upon him with compassion, and said, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Simon! Simon! Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy

faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren! This night all ye shall be offended because of me, for it is written, 'I shall smite the shepherd, and the sheep of his flock shall be scattered abroad.'" **Peter** answered, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I. Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death." **Jesus** said unto him, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Peter, to-day, even this night, before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice." Then said **Peter,** rising and clasping his hands, "Even if I should die with thee, I would never deny thee," and the other ten disciples said altogether with a loud voice, "Master, we also will always remain faithful to thee; none of us will ever deny thee."

Then said **Jesus** unto them, "When I sent you out without purse, or scrip, or shoes, lacked ye anything?" All replied with one voice, "No, nothing." Then said **Jesus,** "But now I say unto you, he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise his scrip, and he that hath no sword, let him sell his coat and buy one, for now begins a time of trial; and I say unto you that thus it is written, and it must yet be accomplished in me, 'And he was reckoned among the transgressors!'" **Peter** then and **Philip** each drew a sword from the scabbard which hung at his side under his cloak, exclaiming, "Lord, see here are two swords!" Then said **Jesus,** "It is enough. Let us stand up and give thanks." Then, standing, **Jesus** and all the disciples said together with a loud voice, "Praise the Lord, all ye people! praise him, all ye nations! for his merciful kindness is everlasting; the truth of the Lord endureth for ever."

Then Jesus, leaving the table, advanced to the foreground and stood for some time with his eyes raised to heaven, the disciples standing on either side watching him with troubled faces. Then **Jesus** said unto them, "Children, why are ye so sad, and why look ye on me so sorrowfully? Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; and I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. I leave you not com-

fortless. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Keep my commandment. This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you! By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. Hereafter I will not talk much to you, for the Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment even so do I. Arise let us go hence."

ACT VI.

PROLOGUE.

Unto open emnity now is added
Woe is me, false friendship. Mere silver pieces
Have power to take away from the heart all
Love and devotion.

In infamy he goes, this most graceless man
To sell a soul, a shameful bargain to conclude
Where he for base reward agrees to betray
The best of Teachers.

Such spirit hardened the hearts of Jacob's sons
That they, unpitying, their own brother sold
For shameful price unto the grasping hands
Of wandering strangers.

When the heart pays homage to Mammon's idol
Then must all nobler feeling die and vanish
Then Honour's bought and sold—a man's word also—
Love, too, and friendship.

TABLEAU IX.

[The ninth tableau brings us back to Joseph, whose sale to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver naturally leads up to Judas' bargain with the Sanhedrin for the betrayal of his Master for thirty.]

O what shudders run through all my limbs,
Where goest thou Judas full of hate?
Wouldst send thy master to His fate
For Gold, Doest Thou not dream of vengeance yet to come
Ye thunders growl, ye lightnings strike him
Crush him and send him to his doom.

"Tis one amongst you that shall betray"—
Thrice did the Lord repeat this word.
Quietly one stole from the meat away,
By greed seduced betrayed his Lord.
Alas, one he himself had set
Within the circle of his friends!

"Oh! Judas! but one moment stay,
Oh! finish not this foulest deed!"
But no!—for, deaf and blind with greed,
To the Council Judas hastes away,
And there repeats, in evil trade,
The bargain once at Dothan made.

"What will ye give for him? now tell,"
Said Joseph's brethren, "if we sell
The lad to you to-day?"
They gave their brother's life and blood
For twenty silver pieces good,
And went upon their way.

"What will ye give me? how reward,
If I to you betray the Lord?"
Iscariot demands.
For thirty shekels he hath made
The covenant, and Christ betrayed
Into the Council's hands.

In this, that's set before our eyes,
A picture true of this world lies;
How often, through your deeds, have you
Betrayed and sold your God anew!

On Judas ye can curses pour,
On Joseph's brethren evermore.
Yet in their ways ye will not cease
To walk—for envy, greed and hate
Destroy unsparing, soon or late,
All blessing, happiness, and peace.

JUDAS BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN.

THE Sanhedrin was again in session. *Caiaphas* presided, *Annas* as before sat on his left hand and *Nathanael* on his right. No sooner had all the members of the assembly taken their seats than **Caiaphas** rose and with radiant countenance began, "Assembled fathers, I have a joyful piece of news to impart to you. The supposed prophet from Galilee will soon, we hope, be in our hands. Dathan, the zealous Israelite, has won over one of the most trusted companions of the Galilean, who will let himself be employed as a guide, so that we may surprise him by night. Both are here, only waiting a summons to appear before us." "Bring them in," cried with eager voices the priests and Pharisees. **Josaphat** volunteered, "I will call them." "Yes, call them!" said **Caiaphas**. When Josaphat left the room, **Caiaphas** asked their counsel as to the price which should be given for the betrayal of Jesus. **Nathanael** stood up and said, "The law of Moses gives direction for such a case: a slave is valued at thirty pieces of silver." The **priests** laughed thereat and said, "Yea, yea, it is just the price of a slave that the false Messiah is worth."

Then came in *Dathan* and *Judas*, *Josaphat* conducting them into the presence of the Sanhedrin. **Dathan** stood forward and said, "Most learned Council, I here fulfil the task entrusted to me, and present to the fathers a man who is determined, for a suitable reward, to deliver your and our enemy into your power. He is a trusted friend of the notorious Galilean, and knows his ways and his secret abiding places." Then said

Caiaphas to Judas, "Knowest thou the man whom the Council seeks?" **Judas** answered, "I have now been a long time in his company, and know where he is accustomed to abide." Then said **Caiaphas,** "What is thy name?" He replied, "My name is Judas, and I am one of the twelve." "Yes, yes," cried several of the **priests,** "we saw thee often with him." **Caiaphas** asked him, "Art thou steadfastly resolved to do our will." **Judas** answered firmly, "I give you my word!" "But," continued **Caiaphas,** "wilt thou not repent of it? What induced thee to take this step?" **Judas** answered, "The friendship between him and me has been cooling for some time, and now I have quite broken with him." "What has led to this?" asked **Caiaphas. Judas** replied, "There is nothing more to be got from him, and, indeed, I am resolved to remain loyal to lawful authority, that is always the best. What will you give me if I deliver him up to you?" Then **Caiaphas,** speaking as if they were promising great things, said, "Thirty pieces of silver, which shall be at once paid over to thee!" "Hear that, Judas?" cried **Dathan,** "thirty pieces of silver, what a gain!" Before Judas could reply, **Nathanael** sprang to his feet, saying, "And mark well, Judas, this is not all! If thou executest this work right well, thou shalt be cared for still further." "And thou mayest become a rich and famous man," added **Ezechiel. Judas** said aloud, "I am contented," and added to himself, "Now the star of hope is rising for me!" Then said **Caiaphas** to Rabbi, who sat arrayed in blue velvet and gold below the judgment seat, "Bring the thirty pieces of silver out of the treasury, and pay it over in the presence of the Council." "Is this your will?" he added, putting the question to the Sanhedrin. A great shout went up of "Yes, yes, it is!" But some there were present who did not join in that cry. One of these, **Nicodemus,** stood up, and asked the Sanhedrin, "How can you conclude so godless a bargain?" Then turning to Judas, he said, "And thou, abject wretch, dost

thou not blush to sell thy lord and master, thou God-forgetting traitor whom the earth shall swallow up? For thirty pieces of silver wouldst thou sell that most loving friend and benefactor? O pause while yet there is time! That bloodmoney will cry to high heaven for vengeance, will burn like hot iron thy avaricious soul!" Judas, surprised by this sudden outburst, stood trembling and amazed; Dathan, Caiaphas, and the rest of the Sanhedrin displayed unmistakable indignation at this unexpected intervention on the part of Nicodemus. **Josue** said, "Don't trouble thyself, Judas, about the speech of this zealot, let him go and be a follower of the false prophet. Thou dost thy duty as a disciple of Moses in serving the rightful authorities." Then came in **Rabbi** with the silver in a dish." "Come, Judas," said he, "take the thirty pieces of silver and play the man," counting the coins out on a stone table so that they chinked merrily as they fell. **Judas** snatched them up eagerly, testing them now and then to see if they were genuine, and then transferred them piece by piece with feverish haste to his bag, which he tied up when filled, and replaced in his girdle. Then, resuming his place on the left of the judgment seat, he exclaimed, "You can rely upon my word." "But," said **Saras,** "the work must be accomplished before the Feast." **Judas** answered and said, "Even now the fairest opportunity offers itself. This very night he shall be in your hands. Give me an armed band so that he can be duly surrounded and every way of escape cut off." Then said **Annas,** who up till now had not broken silence, "Let us send with him the Temple Watch." "Yes! yes!" cried all the **Priests,** "let us order them to go." **Caiaphas** said, "It would also be advisable to send some members of the Holy Sanhedrin with them to see that everything is carried out in an orderly way." Half the assembly sprang to their feet crying, "We are ready." **Caiaphas** said, "If the choice is left to me, I appoint Nathan, Josaphat, Solomon, and Ptolomy." Each of the four, as he was named, rose and bowed low. Then **Caiaphas** added, "ye can also see that the Watch is ready." All four declared themselves ready to carry out the commands of the High Priest. Turning to Judas **Caiaphas** said, "But, Judas, how will the band be able to distinguish the Master in the darkness?" **Judas** answered, "They must come

with torches and lanterns, and I will give them a sign." "Excellent, Judas," cried the **Priests** in approving chorus. "Now," said **Judas,** "I will hasten away to spy out everything. Then I will come back to fetch the armed men." "I will go with thee, Judas," said **Dathan,** "and will not leave thy side until this work is finished." "At the gate of Bethphage I will meet your people," said **Judas,** as he departed, taking with him Dathan and the four pharisees told off to accompany him.

When they had left the Sanhedrin, **Caiaphas** addressed the assembly, "All goes admirably, venerable fathers, but now we are called to look the great question frankly in the face. What shall we do with this man when God has delivered him into our hands?" Then said **Zadok,** "Let us throw him into the deepest and darkest of dungeons, and keep him well watched and laden down with chains. Let him be buried while still alive." This, however, did not please **Caiaphas,** so using the full might of his eloquence and authority he continued, "Which of you would guarantee that his friends would not raise a tumult and free him, or that the guard might not be corrupted? or could he not break his fetters with his abhorred magic arts?" The priests were silent. **Caiaphas** went on in tones of deepest conviction, "I see well that ye neither know nor understand. Then listen to the High Priest. It is better that one man should die that the whole nation perish not. He must die!" And as the fatal words fell from the lips of Caiaphas the whole Sanhedrin was moved. **Caiaphas** continued, "Until he is dead there is no peace in Israel, no security for the law of Moses, and no quiet hours for us." Hardly had Caiaphas ended than **Rabbi** sprang to his feet exclaiming in excited tones, "God has spoken through His High Priest! Only by the death of Jesus of Nazareth can and must the people of Israel be delivered!"

Nathanael exclaimed, "Long has the word lain upon my tongue! now it is uttered. Let him die, the foe of our fathers!" "The thoughts of our hearts," said **Josue,** "have at last found expression in the mouth of our High Priest." Then sprang all the **priests** from their seats, and with uplifted hands and eager voices exclaimed, "Yes, he must die: in his death is our salvation!" When they sat down **Annas,** the aged high priest, arose, and, speaking with intense bitterness, declared, "By my grey hairs let it be sworn, I will never rest until our shame is washed out in the blood of this deceiver!"

Then stood up **Nicodemus,** and said, "O fathers, is it allowed to say one word?" And all cried, "Yes, speak, speak!" Then said **Nicodemus,** "Is the sentence already pronounced upon this man before he has been heard in his defence, before there has been an examination or hearing of the witnesses? Is this just and right? Is this a proceeding worthy of the fathers of the people of God?" **Nathanael** said, "What! wilt thou accuse the Council of injustice?" **Zadok** exclaimed, "Dost thou know the Holy Law? Compare—" **Nicodemus** replied, "I know the Law; therefore also I know that the judge may not pass sentence before witnesses are heard." "What need we any further witnesses?" cried **Josue.** "We ourselves have often enough been witnesses to his speech and his actions, by which he blasphemously outraged the Law." **Nicodemus** answered, unmoved by the clamour of the assembly, "Then ye yourselves are at once the accusers, the witnesses, and the judges. I have listened to his sublime teachings, I have seen his mighty deeds. They call for belief and admiration, not for contempt and punishment." "What!" exclaimed **Caiaphas** indignantly, "this scoundrel deserves admiration! Thou wilt cleave

to Moses and yet defendest thou that which the Law condemns? Ha! Fathers of Israel, the impious words call for vengeance!" The **priests** shouted, "Out with thee from our assembly, if thou persist in this way of speaking!" when another voice was heard. **Joseph of Arimathea** stood forth on the opposite side of the hall, and said, "I must also agree with Nicodemus. No one has imputed any deed to Jesus which makes him worthy of death: he has done nothing but good." Then said **Caiaphas,** "Dost thou also speak in this wise? Is it not known everywhere how he has desecrated the Sabbath, how he has misled the people by his seditious speeches? Hath he not also as a deceiver worked his pretended miracles by the aid of Beelzebub? Has he not given himself out as a God, when he is nothing but a man?" "Thou hearest that?" cried the **priests** to **Joseph.** He remained standing, and continued saying, "Envy and malice have misrepresented his words and imputed evil motives to the noblest acts. That he is a man come from God his godlike acts testify." "Ha!" cried **Nathanael,** with a laugh of scorn, "now we know thee. Already for a long time hast thou been a secret follower of this Galilean! Now thou hast shown thyself in thy true colours!" Aged **Annas,** without leaving his seat, remarked, "So then, we have in our very midst traitors to our Holy Law, and even here has the deceiver cast his net!" "What do ye here, apostates?" cried **Caiaphas;** "be off to your prophet, to see him once more, before the hour strikes when he must die, for that is irrevocably determined." "Yes!" cried **all the priests,** "yes! die he must, that is our resolve." Then said **Nicodemus,** "I curse this resolution; I will neither have part nor lot in this shameful condemnation." "And I also," said **Joseph of Arimathea,** "will quit the place where the innocent are condemned to death. Before God I swear that my hands are clean!" Gathering their robes together, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea walked slowly out of the Sanhedrin.

Then said **Josue,** "At last we are rid of these traitors. Now we can speak out freely." **Caiaphas,** however, profiting by the protests of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, said to the assembly, "It will certainly be necessary that we should sit formally in judgment upon this man, to try him and to bring forth witnesses against him, otherwise the people will believe that we have only persecuted him from hatred and envy." Then said one **Jakob,** "Two witnesses at least the law requires;" and **Samuel** answered, "These shall not be lacking, I will provide them myself." Then said **Dariabbas,** "Our decision stands firm, but in order not to offend the weak it would be well to observe the usual forms of justice." And added **Ezechiel** complacently, "Should these formalities not suffice, the strength of our will must supply what is lacking." And **Rabbi** said, "A little more or less guilty matters little, since, once for all, the public weal demands that he should be removed." Then **Caiaphas** said, "In securing the execution of our sentence it would be safest if we could so contrive that the sentence of death should be pronounced by the Governor, then we should be clear of all responsibility." "We can try," said **Nathanael;** "if it miscarries, it is still always open to us to have our sentence carried out by our trusty friends in the commotion of a great tumult, without we ourselves being openly responsible for anything." "And then," said **Rabbi,** "if the worst comes we should have him in our hands, and in the silence of a dungeon it will not be difficult to find a sure hand to deliver the Sanhedrin from its enemy." Then **Caiaphas** arose and said, "Circumstances will teach us what should be done. Now let us break up. But hold

yourselves ready at any hour of the night to be called together. The affair must be settled quickly. There is no time to be lost. Our resolution is, he must die." And **all** the members of the High Council cried tumultuously, "Let him die, let him die! The enemy of our Holy Law!"

ACT VII.

PROLOGUE.

As Adam fights against life's burden and weight—
His strength exhausted—in the sweat of his brow,
In expiation of his own guilt,
So is Christ by others' sin weighed down.

Sunk in a sea of overwhelming sadness,
With heavy load his head bowed down to the earth,
Drenched with the bloody sweat of anguish—
He fights his fiercest fight on Olivet.

Already approaches, leading the men-at-arms,
The faith-forgetting disciple Iscariot,
Desecrating thus the seal of love
To the service of treachery.

A like evil deed did Joab by Amasa.
As he pressed home at once, with feigned looks of love,
The kiss of friendship on his lips,
And into his heart, the dagger's point.

TABLEAU X.

[The scene in the Garden of Gethsemane is heralded by a double tableau. The first, which is the tenth in order of tableaux, shows Adam under the curse; the second, Joab's treacherous assassination of Amasa. Adam, clad in a white sheepskin, is represented as sweating and wearied by digging in ungrateful soil. Three of his small children are helping him to pull the thorns and briars from the earth, while Eve, apparently a young girl, with brown hair, also skin-clad, is the centre of a group of three very young children, while two in the background are playing with a stuffed lamb. The parallel is worked out by the choir between Adam's sweating and the bloody sweat in Gethsemane.]

Judas ate the hallowed bread
At the holy table,—
With a conscience seared and dead,
And straightway Satan entered him.
"What thou doest," spake the Lord,
"Judas, do it quick!"—and he
Hasted forth, as he was able,
To the Synagogue away,
And betrayed his Master.

The foulest deed will soon be done
That earth or hell displays,—
Alas! ere this night's course be run,
Judas his Lord betrays!
Come now, ye faithful souls, draw nigh,
See Jesus suffer, bleed and die.

Oh, what weariness and heat
Is to Father Adam known—
See, there falls a stream of sweat
Over face and forehead down!

Now behold the fruits of sin:
'Neath the curse groans Nature sore.
Therefore though he toil in field,
All his pain and labour yield
Scanty fruits for evermore.

Christ the burden and the heat
On the Olive-Mount doth bear,
So that streams of bloody sweat
Drop from brow and body there.

Now behold the fight 'gainst sin
That the Lord doth wage for us!
Waged in His own heart's blood,
Agonised—yet firm He stood—
Drank the cup of suffering thus!

TABLEAU XI.

[The eleventh tableau represents Joab making ready to smite Amasa under the fifth rib, while proffering him a friendly kiss. We here come upon several soldiers who do duty in the next scene as the guard who arrest Jesus. The tableau is remarkable, because, as the chorus sings, there comes an echo from the rocks within, where a concealed choir sing in response to the eager enquiry of the chorus, "What befell?" describing the murder of Amasa, which, of course, needs no link to connect itself with the coming betrayal of Jesus.]

The scene by the rocks of Gibeon
Is repeated by Judas, Simon's son.

Ye rocks of Gibeon!
Why do ye mourning stand,
That once were counted joy of all the land,
As though in gloomy veil enshrouded!—Tell,
Oh tell me, I adjure you, what befell?

Fly hence, O wanderer,
This blood-stained spot is cursed in all the land:
Here fell, stabbed through and through by murderer's hand,
Once Amasa,
Who, trusting in the love of him he greeted,
By Joab with a brother's kiss was cheated.
Oh cursed be he!

The rocks, lament for thee,—
The blood-stained earth takes vengeance heavily.
Be dumb, ye rocks of Gibeon, hear with dread,
What now upon the Mount has sped.

Judas doth deliver One
Greater yet, with feigned words,
And a kiss that slays like swords,
For the base gain of a day,
Up to those who wait to slay.
Ye rocks of Gibeon!

Cursed be who his friend betrays,—
Falsely feigning loving ways;—
Innocence, with Judas-kiss,
To destruction leads like this!
"Cursed be he!" to the rocks shall sound—
From rock to rock the curse rebound.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Now when the evening was fully come, there were gathered together in the neighbourhood of the Mount of Olives those who were appointed by the Sanhedrin to seize Jesus. *Judas* was there with *Dathan* and the other traders, as well as the four priests sent by Caiaphas to see that all things went well. With them came the *Temple Watch* under the command of one *Selpha*, in steel helmet and steel-embossed leather cuirass. The Watch consisted of twenty men in armour, two of whom carried long clubs set with spikes, two bore braziers of burning coals, while the rest carried spears. Conspicuous among the Watch were *Malchus*, the high priest's servant, and *Balbus*. They approached stealthily, and **Judas** addressed them, saying, "Now be careful. We are approaching the place whither the Master has withdrawn himself, to spend the quiet night in solitude." Then said **Solomon**, one of the priests, "I suppose the disciples will not perceive us too soon." "No," said **Judas**, "As the attack is so unexpected there will be no resistance to

fear." Then cried the **Temple Watch**, aloud, "Should they try it, they shall feel the weight of our arms." "You will seize him," said **Judas**, "without a single sword stroke." "But," said **Josaphat**, "how shall we know the Master in the darkness, so as not to arrest one of his followets in his place?" "I will give you a sign," said **Judas**— "when we are in the garden, then give careful heed: I will hasten up to him, and the man whom I shall kiss, that is he, bind him!" Then said **Korah**, "Good, this sign will prevent us from making any mistake." **Ptolomy**, the pharisee, then turned to the Watch and said, "Do you hear? you will know the Master by a kiss?" "Yes! yes!" cried the **soldiers**, "we shall not miss him." "Now," said **Judas**, "let us make haste, it is time. We are not far from the garden." Then said **Josaphat** to Judas, "Judas, if to-night brings us good fortune, thou wilt profit by the fruit of thy work." The **traders** added, "We too will recompense thee richly!" Then cried all the **soldiers** together, "Now look out, thou stirrer-up of the people, thou wilt soon have thy reward." Thereupon the whole company moved off into the darkness, and remained hidden in an ambush until the signal should be given.

After a time *Jesus* and his *disciples* entered the Garden of Gethsemane. **Jesus** spoke unto them, saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy, for I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh from you. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world. I leave the world again and go unto the Father." "Lo," said **Peter**, "now thou speakest plainly and no more in parables." Then said **James the Greater**, "Now we see that thou knowest all things, and hast no need that one should ask thee anything." And **Thomas** added, "Therefore we believe that thou camest forth from God." **Jesus** answered them, saying, "Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is already come, when ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and leave

me alone. Yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me. Yes, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. I have finished the work which thou hast given me to do. I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world. Holy Father, keep them in thy name: sanctify them in the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Then turning to the disciples who were following him into the garden he said, in a voice which was broken with sorrow, "Children, sit ye here while I go and pray yonder. Pray that ye enter not into temptation; but ye, Peter, James, and John, follow me." Eight of the disciples then sat down in the shade under the trees, while Jesus went forward with the three. Watching Him go some of the eight exclaimed. "Oh! What will happen to our Master." **Bartholomew** said, "Never have I seen him so sad"; and **James the Less** replied, "My heart is also laden down with sadness"; while **Matthew** cried, "Ah, that this night were past with its weary hours." And others exclaimed, "Not in vain has our Master prepared us for this." **Philip** said, "We will sit down here and await his return." "Yes," said **Thomas,** "that we will, for I am utterly worn out and weary." Then **Jesus,** who had come forward with Peter, James, and John, said unto them, "Ah, beloved children, my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me." Then after a pause he added, "I will go a little further apart in order to strengthen myself by communion with the Father." As Jesus with slow and staggering steps went towards the grotto, **Peter** cried, looking after him, "Ah, dear, good master," and **John** exclaimed, "My soul is suffering with the soul of

our teacher." As they sat down **Peter** said, "I am very anxious." **James** said, "Why does our dear Master thus separate us from one another?" **John** replied, "Alas! we are to be witnesses," and **Peter** continued, "Ye know, brethren,—we were the witnesses of his transfiguration on the mountain, but now, what is it that we have to see?" Slowly Peter, James, and John, who were sitting apart, fell asleep. **Jesus** having reached the grotto, said, "This hour must come upon me—the hour of darkness. But for this came I into the world." Then falling upon his knees he clasped his hands, and looking up to heaven cried, with a great and pitiful voice, "Father! my Father! if it be possible, and with thee all things are possible, let this cup pass from me!" Then Jesus fell upon his face on the ground and remained silent for a while. Then again he rose upon his knees and cried, "Yet, Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt!" Then, standing up, he looked towards heaven and slowly returned to the three disciples.

And lo, when he approached he found them asleep. "Simon!" he said. **Simon Peter,** as in a dream, rubbed his head and said, "Alas! my Master." **Jesus** said, "Simon, dost thou sleep?" **Peter,** rousing himself, said, "Master, here I am." **Jesus** said, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" **Peter** cried, "O Master, forgive. I will watch with thee." The **apostles** said, "Rabbi, sleep has overpowered us." Then said **Jesus,** "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." The **apostles** answered, "Yes, Lord, we will watch and pray!" Then said **Jesus** unto them, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." So saying he turned from them, and again slowly walked towards the grotto.

Praying, he said, "My Father, thy demand is just, thy decrees are holy, thou claimest this sacrifice." Then falling upon his knees he prayed, saying, "Father, the strife is fierce." Falling upon his face he remained silent for a time, then raising himself again he cried, "Yet, Father, if this cup may not pass away from me unless I drink it, Father, thy will be done." Then standing up he said, "Holy One, it will be completed by me in righteousness!"

Then once more he came back to the sleeping disciples; this time he did not rouse them. "Are also your eyes so heavy that ye could not watch?" he said. "Ah! my most trusted ones, even among you I find no consolation!"

Then returning over the rocky road which led to the grotto he paused for a moment in silence while a great sorrow overwhelmed him. "Oh, how dark it grows around me, the anguish of death encompasses me! The burden of God's judgment lies upon me! Oh, the sins! O, the sins of mankind! they weigh me down. Oh, the fearful burden! Oh, the bitterness of this cup!" Then coming to the grotto again he cried, "My

Father!" and falling down he prayed, "If it is not possible that this hour pass away from me, thy will be done! Thy holiest will! Father! Thy son! Hear him!"

Then from out of the darkness a bright and shining **angel** in white apparel, and with radiant wings, descended upon him. And out of the silence were heard these words, "O Son of Man, sanctify the Father's will! Look upon the blessedness which will proceed from thy struggles. The Father has laid it upon thee, and thou hast of thy free will taken it upon thee to become the sacrifice for sinful man. Carry it through to the end! The Father will glorify thee."

Then said **Jesus**, "Yes, most holy Father, I adore thy providence, I will complete the work—to reconcile, to save, to bless!" Then standing up he cried in a more joyful tone, "Strengthened by thy word, O Father! I go joyfully to meet that to which thou hast called me, as the substitute for sinful man."

With lighter step he returned to the place where the three disciples lay slumbering peacefully. He looked upon them and said, "Sleep now, and take your rest!" **Peter** hearing his voice, said, "What is it, Master?" Then all three answered, "Behold we are ready." Then said **Jesus**, "The hour is come, behold the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going!"

Even as he spoke these words the tramp of armed men was heard in the immediate neighbourhood of the garden, mingled with loud cries of denunciation and vengeance. "What is that uproar?" said the **disciples.** "Come," said **Philip,** who hurried forward from behind with the rest of the eight,, "Come let us gather round the Master." At that word the disciples hastened forward. "Behold," said **Jesus,** "he that betrayeth me is at hand." The disciples looked in the direction which Jesus indicated, and there, by the flaring light of the braziers carried by the *Temple Watch*, they saw *Judas* advancing at the head of the band. "What does this multitude want?" said **Andrew.** For an answer all the disciples cried as with one voice, "Alas, we are undone!" "And see," cried **John,** "Judas is at their head!"

Even as he said this **Judas** with long and stealthy steps sprang forward, looking from side to side as he came, until he stopped immediately behind Jesus; then standing on tiptoe he reached over the shoulder of Jesus and kissed him, saying, "Hail, Master!" **Jesus** answered, "Friend, wherefore art thou come? Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

Then, stepping forward to meet the armed band, he faced them fearlessly and said, "Whom seek ye?" A loud and angry shout went up from the **soldiers,** "Jesus of Nazareth!" **Jesus** said, "I am he." As he uttered these words the soldiers fell backward to the ground, crying, "Woe unto us! What is this?" The

disciples exultingly cried, "One single word from him casts them to the ground." But **Jesus** said to the soldiers, "Fear not, arise." As they regained their feet the **disciples** whispered eagerly to Jesus, saying, "Lord, cast them down, so that they shall never rise again." But **Jesus**, a second time, asked, "Whom seek ye?" Again the crowd replied, "Jesus of Nazareth." Then **Jesus** said, "I have already told you that I am he; if therefore ye seek me, let these go their way."

Selpha, the leader of the band, cried, "Seize him!" The soldiers approached Jesus; Malchus and Balbus, carrying in their hands a small cord, grasped him by the wrists in order to bind him. **Peter** and **Philip** asked Jesus, saying, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" Before Jesus replied, Peter's sword flashed from its sheath and descended on the head of Malchus. The helmet turned the descending blade, and instead of splitting his skull it only sliced off his ear. "Alas," cried **Malchus**, "I am wounded; my ear is off!" Then said **Jesus** to the disciples, "Suffer ye thus far." And reaching forward to Malchus he said, "Be not troubled, thou shalt be healed." And touching his ear, that moment it was made whole. Malchus felt his ear with astonishment. His comrades satisfied themselves that the ear was as the other, and stood motionless; while **Jesus** turned to Peter and said, "Put up thy sword into its sheath; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. The cup which the Father hath given me shall I not drink it? Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then would the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be?"

Then turning to the Pharisees, he said, "Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you in the Temple teaching, and ye laid no hold on me. But this is your hour and the power of darkness. Behold, I am here!" "Surround him," cried **Selpha**; "bind him fast, that he escape not." Then said **Nathan**, "Ye are responsible to the Council that he does not escape." At Selpha's command Malchus and Balbus had seized Christ, and were busily engaged in tying his hands together with cords. Slowly one by one, the disciples stole away, leaving Jesus alone in the midst of his captors. In reply to Nathan the **soldiers** said, "Out of our hands he shall not escape." Then cried with a loud voice the **traders**, with **Dathan** at their head, "Now we will slake our vengeance!" **Booz** shouted, "Thou shalt pay dearly for thy offence." And **Dathan** added, "Dost thou still remember what thou didst to us in the Temple?" **Josaphat** said to the other Pharisees, "We will hasten on into the city. The Sanhedrin will be awaiting our arrival with impatience." The **traders**

replied, "But we will not leave this scoundrel for an instant." "First," said **Nathan**, "we must go to the High Priest Annas. Lead him thither!" **Selpha** said, "We follow thee!" As the band prepared to obey the word of command **Josaphat** came up to Judas and said approvingly, "Thou art a man indeed!" and **Solomon** added, "Thou knowest how to keep thy word." **Judas** complacently answered, "Did I not tell you that he would be in your power to-day?" **Ptolomy** said, "Thou hast placed the whole Council under an obligation to thee." The procession then went off, leading Jesus to the palace of **Annas**. The Temple Watch formed behind Jesus, who, with his hands bound before him, was thrown violently forward by **Malchus** and **Balbus**, who held the other ends of the cords which bound him, and marched behind him. They cried, "On with thee! In Jerusalem they will settle thy affair!" **Selpha**, who marched at the head of his band, cried, "Let us hasten; lead him away carefully." And **all the band** shouted, "Ha! run now as thou hast hitherto run to and fro about the land of Judæa." "Spare him not!" said **Selpha**; "drive him on!" "Forward!" cried the **soldiers**, shouting together; "otherwise thou shalt be driven on with staves." And as they marched away, driving Jesus before them, the **traders** derided him, saying, "Doth Beelzebub then aid thee no longer?"

SECOND DIVISION.

From the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane to the condemnation by Pilate.

ACT VIII.

PROLOGUE.

Oh, the terrible night! Look at the Saviour now!
How he is haled from judgment-seat to judgment-seat!
To meet with foul abuse
And outrage everywhere.

For but one fearless word that He to Annas speaks,
As His reward, a man strikes Him with ruthless hand,
The tyrants' praise to win,
Full on His holy face.

Such base recompense was given to Micaiah;
When to Ahab the king he prophesied truly,
One of the false prophets
Smote him then upon the face.

Truth wins often hatred and persecution;
Yet, though ye may see her light, and banish it,
At last it will conquer,
And in glory light the gloom.

TABLEAU XII.

[The twelfth tableau shows how Micaiah, the prophet of the Lord, was smitten by Zedekiah, the priest of Baal, for daring to predict, before Ahab and Jehoshaphat, the approaching death of the King of Israel at the battle of Ramoth Gilead.]

Now has begun the anguished fight
Begun in dark Gethsemane.
O sinners, never let this night
For evermore forgotten be!

For your salvation this has been,
Which on the mountain we have seen;
When, sorrowing unto death, He sank
To earth, it was for you,—
'Twas for your sake the damp turf drank
Those drops of crimson dew.

He who truth does speak
Is smitten on the cheek.

Micaiah thus by Zedekiah's hand was smitten
Because he freely dared to say—'tis written—
"King, if thou wilt still assail
Ramoth, thou shalt ne'er prevail.
Believe thou not their prophecies.
Baal's seers are thy undoing;
Wilt thou save thyself from ruin
Harken not these flatterers' lies.
But the voice of God's own prophet
Flatters not proud Ahab's race,"
Then a lying priest arising
Strikes him, wrathful, in the face.

Honour, glory, and great rewards,
In this world do flatterers gain,
Whilst those who alway speak the truth
Insult and disgrace do earn.

JESUS BEFORE ANNAS.

IT was dark night, and there was silence in the street before the house of Annas, the High Priest, when his door opened, and *Annas*, attended by *Esdras*, *Sidrach*, and *Misael*, came upon the balcony. "I can find no rest this night," said **Annas**, looking impatiently up and down the street, "until I know that this disturber of the peace is in our hands. Oh! if he were only safe and in fetters. Full of longing and anxiety I await the arrival of my servants with the joyful news." Then said **Esdras**, "They cannot be much longer, for it is a good while since they went away." "In vain," replied **Annas**, "has my troubled gaze searched the street of Kedron; nothing can I see and nothing hear. Go! my Esdras, go towards the Kedron Gate and see." "As the High Priest commands," said **Esdras**, hurrying away as quickly as his short squat figure would allow. **Annas**, walking about impatiently, tormented by misgivings as to the success of the enterprise, began: "It would be a blow to the Sanhedrin if this time the work should not succeed." **Sidrach** said, "Do not give way to anxiety, High Priest;" and **Misael** added, "There is no doubt of our success." **Annas**, heeding not the consolation of his priests, said, "They may have altered their way and returned through the Siloah Gate. I must send to see also on that side." **Sidrach** said, "If the High Priest wishes it I will go to the Siloah Gate." "Yes, do," said **Annas**, "but first see whether anyone comes through the street of the Sanhedrin." "I will not loiter, my lord," said **Sidrach**, as he disappeared into the darkness. **Annas** resumed his troubled thoughts. "The night is going by, and still the old uncertainty. Every minute of this weary waiting time is as an hour to me. Hark! I think someone comes running! Yes, he comes. Surely

there will be good tidings." **Sidrach**, bursting into the presence of the High Priest, exclaimed, "My lord, Esdras comes in haste, I saw him just now running down the street with rapid foot." Then said **Annas**, "Surely it is joyful news that he brings, since he hastens so? Truly, I long for nothing now but the death of this malefactor." Then came **Esdras**, breathless with haste crying, "Hail to the High Priest. I have seen the fathers who were sent with Judas. All has gone according to thy wish. The Galilean is in bonds. I heard it from their mouth, and hurried as fast as I could to bring the joyful news in haste to thee." **Annas** cried, "Oh, heavenly message! auspicious hour! A stone is lifted from my heart. I feel as if I were born again. Now, for the first time, can I rejoice to call myself High Priest of the chosen people."

Then came in to Annas, *Judas*, and the four *Pharisees* who had been sent by the Council to accompany him, crying, "Long live our High Priest!" **Nathanael** exclaimed, "The wish of the Council is accomplished!" **Annas** said, "Oh, I must embrace thee for joy. So then our plan has succeeded! Judas, thy name shall take an honourable place in our annals. Even before the Feast shall the Galilean die." **Judas**—whom the Pharisees had brought in with them—startled by that word, sprang back, repeating incredulously, "Die!" "His death is decreed," said **Annas**. "For his life and blood," cried **Judas**, "I will not be responsible." "That is unnecessary," said **Annas**, coolly, "he is in our power." "But," persisted **Judas**, passionately, "I have not delivered him over to you for that." "Thou hast delivered him over," said **Ptolomy**, "and the rest is our business." Repulsed on every side, **Judas**, striking his forehead with his hand, cried, "Woe is me! what have I done? Shall he die? No! that I did not wish. That I will not have." As he hurried into the street the **Pharisees** laughed at him and said, "Whether thou wilt have it or not, die he must."

Then said **Esdras** to Annas, "High Priest, the prisoner is at the threshold." **Annas** said, "Let Selpha, with as many of

the Watch as are necessary, bring him up here, while the rest await him below." Then was *Jesus* brought before Annas on the balcony in custody of *Selpha*, the leader of the Temple Watch, and the two servants of the Temple, *Malchus* and *Balbus*, holding the cords by which Jesus was bound. The rest of the Watch remained in the street below. **Selpha** bowed low as he entered, and said, "High Priest, in accordance with thy command, the prisoner now stands at thy bar." When **Annas** saw Jesus he said, "Have ye brought him alone as a prisoner?" **Balbus** answered, "His disciples dispersed like timid sheep." **Selpha** said, "We did not think it worth the trouble to arrest them. Nevertheless, Malchus almost lost his life." "How did that happen?" asked **Annas.** "One of his followers," said **Selpha,** "with a drawn sword smote him and cut off his ear." "How could that be?" said **Annas,** looking first at one side of Malchus's head and then at the other. "It has left no mark: there is nothing to be seen." "Oh," said **Balbus,** mocking, "the magician has conjured it back again." "Why dost thou not speak Malchus? What sayest thou to that?" asked **Annas. Malchus** replied seriously, "I cannot explain it. It is a miracle that has happened to me." **Annas** frowned. "Has the deceiver also bewitched thee?" he asked, and then turning to Jesus said to him, "Say, by what power hast thou done this?" Jesus did not answer. "Speak," said **Selpha,** "when thy superior asks thee." "Speak," said **Annas.** "Give an account of thy disciples and thy teaching, which thou hast spread abroad over the whole land of Judæa and with which thou hast corrupted the people!"

Then **Jesus** answered and said unto him, "I spake openly to the world, I ever taught in the Synagogue and in the Temple and in secret I taught nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them that heard me what I have spoken. Behold, they know what I have said!" **Balbus,** who was standing on the left hand of Jesus, holding one end of the cord by which his hands were bound, struck him over the face a resounding blow, saying, "Answerest thou the High Priest so?" **Jesus** answered, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil, but if I have spoken well, why smitest thou me?" Then **Annas** exclaimed,

"Wilt thou even now defy us, when thy life and death are in our power? Take him away. I am weary of this villain!" and gave the signal for **Jesus** to be removed.

"Oh," said **Balbus**, as he roughly thrust him forward, "wait a little. Thy obstinacy will vanish." As Jesus was being led down the steps, **Annas** said, "I will go in now, for a little while, to rest, or rather to meditate quietly as to how the work so happily begun may be brought to an end. In any case the summons to the Sanhedrin will reach me at an early hour in the morning." *Annas* then entered into his own house, leaving *Jesus* in the street below in the midst of the soldiers. As *Selpha* appeared bringing Jesus into the street **the Watch** cried out loudly, "Ha! is his business already over?" **Selpha** said, "His defence has turned out badly," and **Balbus** added, "After all, it gained him a smart slap over the face." **Selpha** said, "Take him now, and away with him to the Palace of Caiaphas!" "Off with him!" cried the **soldiers**, tumultuously. "Lift up thy feet!" "Cheer up," said **Balbus**, mocking, "Thou wilt have a still better reception from Caiaphas," and the **soldiers** shouted as they marched, "There will the ravens croak about thine ears!" When Jesus was taken from the house of Annas he was led through the streets, the band accompanying him shouting as they went. On their way to the Sanhedrin they led Jesus down the street which passed Pilate's house, and as they went they cried to him with riotous laughter, "Thou shalt become a laughing-stock for the whole nation!" **Balbus** said unto him scoffingly, "Make haste! thy disciples are quite ready to proclaim thee King of Israel!" And the **soldiers** laughed as they said, "Thou hast often dreamed of this; is it not so?" Then said **Selpha**: "Caiaphas will soon explain this dream to him." And **Balbus**, seeing that Jesus opened not his mouth and was silent, shouted in his ear, "Dost thou hear? Caiaphas will announce to thee thy exaltation to a high position!" A great burst of hoarse laughter from the **Watch** followed as they shouted, "An exalted position between heaven and earth!" "Look out, you fellows!" cried **Selpha**; "there through the hall of Pilate lies our nearest way to the palace of Caiaphas. There station yourselves in the courtyard until further orders." The **soldiers** answered, "Thy command shall be fully obeyed."

Hardly had the noisy soldiery passed with their prisoner out of the street than *Peter* and *John* appeared before the house of Annas. Then said **Peter,** "How will it fare here with our good Master? O John, how anxious I am about him!" **John** answered, "He is certain to have to suffer here scorn and ill-treatment. I am very much afraid of approaching the house." **Peter** said, "But it is so silent about here." **John** replied, "One hears not a sound in the palace. Could they have taken him away again?"

As they were talking **Esdras** came out from the house of Annas and asked, "What do ye want at the palace at this time of night?" **John** answered, "Forgive us: we saw a number of people from afar come hither from the Kedron Gate, and we came here in order to see what had happened." **Esdras** answered, "They have brought in a prisoner, but he has already been sent to Caiaphas." "To Caiaphas?" said **John;** "then we will go away at once." "Ye had better, otherwise I will have you taken up as night brawlers," said **Esdras.** "We will go away quietly and make no disturbance," said **Peter** meekly. As they went the **Priest,** looking after them, said, "Perhaps they are followers of the Galilean. If I only knew! However, they will not escape our people if they go to the palace of Caiaphas. The whole of his following must be destroyed; otherwise the people will never be brought into obedience." He then returned into the house.

ACT IX.

PROLOGUE.

Fore embittered foes, who are now His judges,
Stands the Lord, in majestic silence shrouded,
Patiently hearing lying accusations—
E'en the death sentence.

And as Naboth of old, condemned, though guiltless,
By false witnesses charged with lies, perished;
So, too, He, whose only guilt was truth-speaking,
Love, and well-doing.

Soon, too soon, ye will see Him all surrounded
By scarce human soldiers, a sport for their cruelty,—
Mocked, shamefully, scornfully outraged midst peals
Of savage laughter.

In the patience of Job, who, in deep sorrow,
Even by his own friends by scorn was laden,
Ye can see foreshadowed the dear Redeemer's
Heavenly patience.

TABLEAU XIII.

[The thirteenth and fourteenth tableaux represent the stoning of Naboth, a venerable old man, who is being crushed by the missiles of Jezebel's sons of Belial, and the sufferings of Job, who is shown on his dunghill, scoffed at, plagued, and derided by his friends his servants, and even by his wife.]

How bleeds my heart!
The Holiest stands before the judgment-seat.
The malice of sinners He must bear,
Betrayed and outraged, bound and beaten there.
Who can see him thus and not begin to weep.
From Annas dragged to Caiaphas away.
What must he there once more endure to-day!
See here a further scene of suffering deep.

Let Naboth die!—he feared not impiously
God to blaspheme, speak ill, O King, of thee.
Yes, let him out of Israel
Perish—so lying tongues proclaim,
By evil-minded Jezebel
Hired for a price, to compass deeds of shame.

Alas! by death shall be avenged
Wrong Naboth never wrought;
The vineyard then by wicked men
Into Ahab's hands is brought.
'Gainst Christ, before the judgment-seat,
Deceit and hate are banded,
Till malice on the innocent
Hath sentence sharp demanded.

Ye rulers of this world, in might
Appointed for to do men right.
Forget not, as your office ye
Fulfil, the Judge ye cannot see.

All men are equal Him before,
Whether that they be rich or poor,—
Be noble or of low degree,—
For justice only careth he.

TABLEAU XIV.
[The sufferings of Job.]

See what a man! See Job's sore mourning—
Who would not weep at such distress!
His friends, his very wife are scorning,
And heartless, mock him to his face.
Oh, what a man!

Yet patiently he bears the cross,
Though hard beset in sorest need,
And, hoping on, trusts God indeed
And with no word bemoans his loss.
Oh, what a man!

See Jesus, how in silence He
Bears outrage, blows, and mockery!
Oh, what a man!

Melt with compassion when ye see
The Man of Sorrows standing here,
Bowed down in deepest misery!
Oh, what a man!

JESUS BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

CAIAPHAS, in his bedchamber, wearing a dressing-gown, surrounded by *priests* and *Pharisees*, exulted over the news which had been brought him of the arrest of Jesus. "This happy capture," said he, "promises us a fortunate realisation of our wishes. I thank you, noble members of the Sanhedrin, for zealous and prudent cooperation." But the priests with one

voice cried, "The greatest share of praise belongs to our High Priest!" "Who," said **Josaphat,** "fired the hearts of our elders with zeal once more." "Now," said **Caiaphas,** "let us pursue our path without delay. Everything is ready. The Council will immediately be assembled. Samuel has brought the necessary witnesses with him. I shall now, without losing a moment, at once begin the trial of the prisoner. Then sentence shall be pronounced, and provision made that it shall be carried out. The quicker the execution, the surer the result." **Nathan** said, "It would be advisable to get everything over before our adversaries recover their senses." **Caiaphas** replied, "I have considered this necessity. Trust me, my friends. I have thought of a plan. I hope to carry it out." At this **Zadok** said, "The wisdom of our High Priest deserves our fullest confidence"—and then cried they all, "The God of our fathers bless all his measures!"

Then *Selpha*, the leader of the watch, brought *Jesus* into the chamber of Caiaphas, the High Priest, *Balbus* and *Malchus* holding the cords by which his hands were bound. "Illustrious High Priest, here is the prisoner," said **Selpha.** "Bring him nearer," said **Caiaphas,** "so that I may look him in the face and question him." "Step forward," said **Selpha,** "and show respect here to the head of the Sanhedrin." Then **Caiaphas,** having looked into the face of Jesus, said to him, disdainfully, "Thou art he, then, who dreamed of bringing about the destruction of our synagogue and the law of Moses?" Then, assuming a more judicial tone, he said, "Thou art accused that thou hast stirred up the people to disobedience, that thou hast despised the holy traditions of the Fathers, that thou hast transgressed the divine command for the keeping of the Sabbath Day, and that thou hast even, been guilty of many blasphemous speeches and acts. Here," **Caiaphas** continued, pointing to five Jews who had entered the chamber at the same time as Selpha brought in Jesus, and had taken their stand on the left of the High Priest confronting the accused, "here stand honourable men

who are prepared to prove the truth of these accusations by their testimony. Hear them, and then thou mayest answer if thou canst."

Then stood forth the **first witness, Nun,** and spoke, saying, "I can testify before God that this man has stirred up the people by openly denouncing the members of the Council and the Scribes as hypocrites, ravening wolves in sheeps' clothing, blind leaders of the blind, and has declared that no one should follow their teaching." At this the members of the Sanhedrin smiled approvingly one to another. The **second witness, Eliab,** said, "I can also testify this, and can still further declare that he has forbidden the people to pay tribute to Cæsar." "Yes," interrupted **Nun,** "I have heard him say the same thing."

Then **Caiaphas** turned to Jesus and said, "What sayest thou unto this?" He paused for a reply, but Jesus opened not his mouth. Then said **Caiaphas,** "Thou art silent? Hast thou nothing to answer?" But Jesus never answered a word.

The **third witness, Gad,** took up his testimony. "I have often seen how he, with his disciples, in defiance of the law, has eaten with unwashed hands; how he has been accustomed to hold friendly intercourse with publicans and sinners and go into their houses to eat with them."

"That we have also seen," cried the **other witnesses** together, and **Gad** went on, "I have heard very credible people say that he has even spoken with Samaritans, and, indeed, has lived with them for days together."

Then **Nun** began to speak again. "I was a witness how he has done on the Sabbath what is forbidden by God's law, in that he healed sick and infirm people without fear on that day. He has seduced others to break the Sabbath: he ordered a man to take up his bed and carry it to his house and another to wash himself in the pool of Siloam." **Eliab** joined in, "I also can testify to this." Again **Caiaphas** turned to Jesus and said, "What hast thou to say against this evidence?" And, after a pause, seeing that Jesus still spoke not, he said, "Hast thou nothing to say in reply?" But Jesus spoke not.

Then said **Gad** addressing himself to Jesus, "Thou hast, for I was present, taken upon thyself to forgive sins, which belongs to God alone. Thou hast therefore blasphemed God."

Then again spoke **Nun,** "Thou hast called God thy Father, and hast dared to declare that thou art one with the Father. Thou hast therefore made thyself equal to God." **Eliab** added, "Thou hast exalted thyself above our Father Abraham. Thou didst say, 'Before Abraham was, I am.'" Then spoke the **fourth witness Raphim,** "Thou hast said, 'I can destroy the Temple of God, and in three days build it up again.'" The **fifth witness Eliezer,** who had not hitherto spoken, stood forward and said, "I have heard thee say, 'I shall destroy this Temple which is made with hands, and in three days I will build another, made without hands.'" This concluded the testimony of the witnesses.

Then **Caiaphas,** turning to Jesus, spoke to him with indignation: "So thou hast claimed to possess a superhuman, divine power? These are serious accusations, and they are legally proved; answer if thou canst." Jesus remaining silent, **Caiaphas** resumed: "Thou thinkest that by silence thou canst save thyself. Thou darest not to admit before the fathers and judges of the people what thou hast taught before the people. Or dost thou dare?" Then rising to his utmost height, and stretching his hand on high, **Caiaphas** continued, "Hear, then! I, the High Priest, adjure thee by the living God! Say—art thou the Messiah, the son of the Most High?" and as he uttered the sacred name Caiaphas crossed his arms and dropped his head on his breast.

For a moment there was silence, then **Jesus** answered and said: "Thou hast said it, and so I am! Nevertheless I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of God in power and coming in the clouds of heaven."

As Jesus spoke these words the members of the Council started in horror, and **Caiaphas,** rending his robe, exclaimed with a loud voice, "He has blasphemed God! What need have we of any further witnesses? you yourselves have heard the blasphemy. What think ye?" And all the **members of the Council** cried together, "He is worthy of death!"

Then said **Caiaphas,** "He is thus unanimously declared worthy of death. But not I, not the Council, but the law of God pronounces the death sentence upon him. Ye teachers of the law, I call upon you to answer: What does the holy law say of him who is guilty of disobedience to the authorities appointed by God?" Then stood up **Josue,** and unrolling the book of the law, read therefrom: "The man that will do presumptuously and will not hearken to the priest that standeth to minister there

before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die: and thou shalt put away the evil from Israel."

Then again said **Caiaphas,** "What does the law decree concerning him who profaneth the Sabbath?" Then **Ezekiel** stood up and read, "Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore, for it is holy unto you. Every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death; for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from his people."

Then asked **Caiaphas,** "How does the law punish the blasphemer?" Then stood up **Nathanael** and, unrolling the book of the law, read: "Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin. And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord he shall surely be put to death; all the congregation shall certainly stone him, as well the stranger as him that is born in the land. Whoso taketh the name of the Lord in vain shall surely die."

"Thus," said **Caiaphas,** "is the judgment pronounced upon this Jesus of Nazareth,—pronounced according to law, and shall be carried out as speedily as possible. Meanwhile I will have the condemned placed under safe guard. Lead him forth, guard him, and by the dawn of the morning bring him to the Great Sanhedrin."

"Come then, Messiah," said **Selpha,** roughly, "we will show thee thy palace." "There thou shalt receive due homage," said **Balbus,** as he placed his hand on the shoulder of Jesus and marched him out of the chamber.

Then said **Caiaphas** exultingly, "We are approaching the goal. Now, however, resolute steps are necessary." The **priests** and **Pharisees** cried altogether, "We will not rest until he is brought to death." Then said **Caiaphas,** "With the break of day let us come together again. This must be announced to the High Priest Annas, and the rest." **Rabbi** assured him, "that will be done immediately." **Caiaphas** continued, "Then shall the sentence be confirmed by the whole assembled Council, and the prisoner will immediately be brought before Pilate in order that he

may confirm it and have it executed." **Sadok** exclaimed: "God grant that the hour may soon come which will deliver us for ever from this our enemy." The **priests** then departed, crying as they went, "God grant it."

When the Council had been dismissed and all was still, **Judas**, moving as one distracted, came down the street in front of the High Priest's palace; as he went he muttered to himself, "Fearful forebodings drive me hither and thither. That word of Annas's, 'He must die!' Oh, that word pursues me everywhere!" Then, as if he remembered all that had happened, Judas cried, "No,—it cannot come to that—they will not carry things so far! That would be too terrible, if my Master—no!—and I—guilty of it?—no! It cannot come to that—They can have no reason for that. Here, in the house of Caiaphas, I will inquire how things stand. Shall I go in? I can no longer bear this uncertainty, and it terrifies me to ascertain the certainty. Yet it must come some time. My heart throbs with terror—surely I shall not have to hear the worst." And thereupon he went in unto the house of the High Priest.

Meanwhile, in the hall of the house of Caiaphas the *Temple Watch* was standing, waiting the result of the examination of Jesus before Caiaphas. In the hall were the servant maids, **Sarah** and **Hagar**, who, seeing the soldiers standing outside, went to the door and said, "You may come in here." It was **Hagar** who spoke first, and **Sarah** added, "It is more comfortable in here." "True for you, good people," said **Melchi**, one of the soldiers. Then calling out, "Ho, comrades, come in! it is better for us to lie down in the hall." Then said a soldier named **Arphaxad**, "I like this—I wish we had come in long ago; how stupid we are, always standing outside in the open air and shivering. But where is there any fire?" "Sarah," added another **soldier** by name **Panther**, "and you Hagar go and bring us fire, also wood to lay thereon." "Willingly," said **Hagar**. "That ye shall have," said **Sarah**. They went out together to comply with the soldier's wish. "Will the trial soon come to an end?" asked **several of the soldiers**. "It will last." said **Melchi**, "until all the witnesses have been examined." "And," added **Panther**, "the accused will also use all his eloquence to get himself out of the scrape."

"That will help him nothing," said **Arphaxad**; "he has offended the priests too much." Then returned the serving-maids with a brazier in which there was a little fire and some wood, which they placed thereon, making a great smoke. "Here is your fire," said **Hagar,** "wood and fire-tongs," added **Sarah.** Then cried the **soldiers** together, "Thanks, ye good girls!" "Yes," said **Panther,** stooping down over the brazier, "that is good. Now take care that the fire does not go out." Several of the soldiers stooped over the fire, piled on wood, and Sarah busied herself with bringing in meat and bread.

Peter and *John*, who had been wandering about the streets seeking for tidings, came to the door, John preceding Peter. **Hagar,** who saw John standing in the entrance of the door, said, "John, comest thou also hither in the middle of the night? Come in here then, thou must warm thyself. Would ye make a little room for this young man here?" said **Hagar,** addressing the soldiers. "Yes, indeed," cried **the band** together, "Come and sit here." Then said **John,** "Good Hagar, I have a companion with me, can he not also come in?" "Where is he?" said **Hagar**; "let him come in; why does he stand out in the cold?" John goes to where Peter was standing, but comes back alone. "Where is he?" said **Hagar.** "He stands on the threshold, but does not trust himself to come in," replied **John.** Then **Hagar** went to the door and said, "Come in, good friend, do not be afraid." All the **soldiers** cried, "Friend, come also in here to us and warm thyself." *Peter*, without saying a word, timidly drew near to the fire and warmed his hands in the smoke. The men went on talking round the fire, and **Arphaxad** said, after a pause, "We still see and hear nothing of the prisoner." **Several** then asked together, "How much longer must we wait here?" Then said **Panther,** "Probably he will come out from the trial as a man condemned to death." "I wonder," said **Arphaxad,** "whether his disciples will be sought after?"

Peter trembled as **the band,** with hoarse laughter, cried aloud, "That would be a fine piece of work to capture them all!" Then said **Panther,** "It would not be worth the trouble. If the Master is once out of the way, then the Galileans will fly and never let themselves be seen again in Jerusalem!" "But," said **Arphaxad,** "one at least ought to receive sharp punishment: he who in the garden drew his sword and cut off Malchus's ear." "Yes, yes!" cried **the band,** laughing, "that should be as it is said,—An ear for an ear!" "Ha, ha, ha, a good idea!"

laughed **Panther**, "but that rule would here find no application, for Malchus has his ear back again."

During this time, while the soldiers were laughing and talking, **Hagar** was curiously looking at Peter. Immediately a pause took place, she said to Peter, "I have been observing thee for some time. Now, if I do not mistake, thou art one of the disciples of the Galilean. Yes, yes, thou wert with Jesus of Nazareth." **Peter** started up from the fire over which he had been warming his hands, and stammered out, "I? no, I am not. Woman, I know him not, neither know I what thou sayest." When Hagar thus spoke all the soldiers looked at Peter, who, fearing his attack on Malchus might be resented, tried to slip through the band and escape unobserved. Passing the fire, he came close to the other waiting-maid, **Sarah**, who, looking him full in the face, said in a shrill voice, "See, this man was also with Jesus of Nazareth." The attention of the whole **band** being aroused they all clustered round Peter, asking, "Art thou also one of his disciples?" **Levi** said, "Thou art certainly one of them!" **Peter** in the midst of armed and violent men looked confusedly from side to side, and declared, "Upon my soul I—am not—I do not know the man." Even as he spoke the cock crew, but the rattle of the weapons of the soldiers and imminent menace of a violent death left him no leisure to attend to anything but his own safety, for **Abdias** at the same moment exclaimed, "Look at this man. Of a truth he was also with him." Then said **Peter**, stoutly, "I know not what ye have to do with me. What does this man matter to me?" But the **soldiers** crowding round him said, "Yes, yes, thou art one of them. Thou art also a Galilean: thy speech betrayeth thee." Then **Peter**, raising his hands on high, said with a troubled voice, "God be my witness that I do not know the man of whom ye speak;" and the cock crew a second time. Then **Melchi** pressing forward, looked Peter full in the face, and leaning on his spear, said, "Did I not see thee in the garden with him when my cousin Malchus had his ear cut off?" At this moment, when the situation was getting very serious for Peter, attention was called off from him by a cry from the **soldiers** round the fire. "Make ready, they are bringing in the prisoner." *Selpha* then brought in *Jesus* bound between *Malchus* and *Balbus*. "Now, how have things gone?" eagerly inquired **Arphaxad**. "He is condemned to death," said **Selpha**. The **soldiers** mocking, cried, "Poor king!" At this moment Jesus met Peter and looked upon him with a gaze full of sorrow. Peter smote his head with his hand and went out into the night. "Forward, comrades!" said **Selpha**, "we must guard him till morning." Thereupon they all went out. "Come," said **Levi**, "he must help us to pass the time."

Peter, when he had left the hall of the High Priest, went out into the street, weeping bitterly and suffering bitter anguish of soul... "Oh, my Master," he cried, "how deeply have I fallen! Oh, woe unto me, weak and wretched man! I have three times denied my dearest friend and teacher. A curse upon my shameful faithlessness! How my heart will repent of it—this contemptible cowardice. My dearest Lord!—hast thou still grace for me—grace for a faithless one—Oh! send it me! This once more hear the voice of my repentant heart. Alas! the sin is committed, I cannot undo it, but ever, ever, will I weep for it and repent of it—and now, never more will I leave thee, O thou most loving one! Thou wilt surely not cast me off! Thou wilt not despise my bitter repentance. No! the gentle, pitying look which thou didst cast upon thy deeply fallen disciple, promises it:—thou wilt forgive me. I have this hope from thee, best of teachers, and the whole love of my heart shall from this moment be given to thee. I will cling closely to thee, and nothing, nothing shall ever be able to separate me from thee again."

And with a face beaming with hope of forgiveness, even for his threefold denial, he went away.

Now it came to pass that the soldiers, having taken *Jesus* into the guard-room of Caiaphas's palace, mocked him, and despitefully used him until it was day. They seated him on a stool with a bandage over his eyes, and surrounded him, mocking. saying, "Is not this throne too mean for thee, great king? Hail to thee, thou new-born sovereign! But sit more firmly," said **Melchi,** seizing Jesus from behind and pressing him down on his seat, "thou mightest otherwise fall down." "Thou art, verily, also a prophet. So say, O great Elias, say who it is who has struck thee," and with that **Levi** dealt Jesus a blow on the face. Others came in and also struck him saying, "Was it I?" but Jesus answered nothing. Then **Levi** went up to him and shouted, "Hearest thou nothing?" and shook him violently by the shoulders, "Art thou asleep?" Then his **comrades** exclaimed, "He is deaf and dumb: a fine prophet indeed." And thereupon **Abdias** roughly pushed Jesus forward so that he fell from his stool on the ground upon his face. "Alas! alas!" he cried, "our king has fallen from his throne." "What is to be done now? We have no longer any king" shouted **Levi**

and **Melchi** scoffed, "Thou art to be pitied, such a great magician, and now so weak and weary!" "Come" said **Abdias**, "let us help him again upon his throne." And then they seized him and lifted him from the ground where he lay with his eyes bandaged and his hands tied and lifted him up again upon his seat. "Raise thyself, O mighty king, receive anew our homage." As they were kneeling around him in scorn, **Dan** a messenger of Caiaphas entered, saying, "How goes it now with the new king?" and **the band** shouted, "He speaks and prophesies not; we can do nothing with him." "Then," said **Dan**, "the High Priest and Pilate will soon make him speak. Caiaphas sends me to bring him." "Up, comrades," said **Selpha**. Thereupon, taking Jesus again by the cords which bound his hands, they led him off, **Levi** saying, "Stand up! thou hast been king long enough." And **all** shouted, "Away with thee. Thy kingdom has come to an end."

CHAPTER X.

PROLOGUE.—ACT X.

Why wanders Judas about like one amazed?
Alas! torments of conscience are upon him,—
On his soul blood guiltiness doth lie,
And turns to fire the reward of sin.

Weep, O Judas, the sin which thou hast sinned!
Oh! wash it out with repentance and bitter tears!
In lowly hope entreat forgiveness—
Still open to thee is salvation's gate.

Bitter remorse is indeed his portion,
But through the darkness there shines no ray of hope.
Too great, too great, alas, is my sin!
Cries he, with Cain, the brother—slayer.

Like him, unpardoned and uncomforted,
Wandering despair seizes on him in terror.
That is still the fatal wage of sin,
Towards such a fate he must despairing go.

TABLEAU XV.

[The fifteenth tableau, prefacing the despair of Judas, represents the despair of Cain. Cain, a tall, dark, and stalwart man, clad in a leopard's skin, is dropping the heavy tree-branch with which he has slain his brother. Abel, in a lambskin, lies dead with an ugly wound on his right temple. Cain's right hand is pressed against his brow upon which is to be set the brand of God. It is a fine scene, full of simple, tragic effect.]

The Lord said, "He who me betrays—
Woe to him!—is undone;
'Twere better far for him that he
Had never seen the sun!"
This woe, of which Christ spake, hath come,
And Judas cannot flee his doom.

The guilty deed fails not to win its wages,
The guiltless blood he sold cries from the ground;
Driven to madness by the worm that rages,
And scourged by furies, Judas ranges round
Wildly, and finds no rest
From the fire in his breast;
Till, swept away by bitterest despair,
He flings away in reckless haste
The load of life he can no longer bear.

So too flies Cain. Ah! whither, then?
For from thyself thou canst not flee.
In thee thou bearest hell's worst pain;
And though from place to place thou go,
The scourge is wielded over thee!
Where thou art it will always be.
Never canst thou escape thy woe.
Now this the sinner's fate will show,
Though vengeance may not come to-day,
Yet Heaven still can borrow,
And double share of judgment may
Fall on his head to-morrow.

THE DESPAIR OF JUDAS.

WHILE Jesus was being mocked and ill-treated by the soldiers in the guard-room of Caiaphas's Palace, **Judas** wandered to and fro in despair. "Now my fearful foreboding has become a terrible certainty. Caiaphas has sentenced the Master to death, and the Council has concurred in his sentence. All is over. There

is no hope, no way of escape. Had the Master wished to save himself he would have made them feel his might a second time in the garden. As he did not do it then, he will now do so no more. What can I do for him, I, a miserable wretch who have delivered him into their hands? They shall have the money back, that blood-money. They must give me my Master back again. I will go at once, and make the demand. But oh, will he be saved by that? Oh, vain, foolish hope. They will mock me, I know it. O cursed Synagogue, thou hast tempted me through thy messengers, thou hast hidden from me thy bloody designs until thou hadst him in thy clutches. I will torture you with bitter reproaches, ye unjust judges. I will have nothing to do with your devilish decision. I will have no share in the blood of this innocent. Oh, what tortures, what pains of hell, tear my inmost soul!" So saying he departed.

Now within the hall of the Sanhedrin were assembled the *High Priest*, the *Scribes*, and the leaders. *Caiaphas* and *Annas*, arrayed in their robes, sat in the high place of the Council, and all the seats were filled except those of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, which were empty. **Caiaphas** spoke, saying, "With impatience, fathers, have I awaited the dawn in order to send the enemy of the Sanhedrin to his well merited death." And **Annas** said, "I could not get a moment's rest for eagerness to hear the sentence pronounced." Then cried they **all**, "It is pronounced. He shall and must die." **Caiaphas** said: "I did not wish to trouble all the members of the Sanhedrin to come hither in the night-time. But there was present the necessary number of witnesses and of judges to pronounce sentence as the Law prescribes. All as with one mouth declared the accused worthy of death, for all had heard with their own ears how this man blasphemed God in the most terrible way, and was impious enough to call himself the Son of God." The **Priests** and **Pharisees** who had previously been present, answered, "Yea, we bear witness to it. We have ourselves heard the impious blasphemy from his lips." Then said

Caiaphas, "I will have the criminal brought before you once more, so that ye may be convinced of his being worthy of death. Then may the whole Council pronounce the just sentence." As he was speaking, **Judas,** looking haggard and distracted, rushed into the midst of the Council, crying wildly, "Is it true? Have ye condemned my Master to death?" Then said **Rabbi** unto him, "Why dost thou force thyself uncalled-for into this assembly? Be off! We will call thee if we have need of thee." But **Judas** took no heed. "I must know it," he said; "have ye condemned him?" Then all in the Council cried aloud, "He must die!" "Woe! woe!" said **Judas,** "I have sinned. I have betrayed innocent blood. Oh, ye bloodthirsty judges, to condemn and murder the guiltless." "Peace, peace, Judas!" cried the **Council,** "or—" "There will never, never more be peace for me," said **Judas,** bitterly, "and none for you. The blood of the innocent cries aloud for vengeance." "What has driven thee crazy? Speak, but speak with reverence—thou standest before the Sanhedrin," said **Caiaphas.** Then said **Judas,** passionately, "Ye are determined to deliver him up to death, he who is free from all guilt. Ye must not do it. I have a protest to make against it. Ye have made me a traitor. Your accursed pieces of silver!—" **Annas** interrupted him, saying, "Thou didst propose it thyself and closed the bargain." Then said **Josaphat** unto him, "Recollect thyself, Judas, thou hast received what thou didst desire; and if thou behavest thyself decently thou canst still—" **Judas** interrupted him: "I will have nothing more. I tear up your shameful bargain. Let the innocent go!" "Be off, madman," said **Rabbi,** angrily. But **Judas** took no heed, knelt and stretched his hands towards Caiaphas. "I demand the release of the innocent. My hands shall be free from his blood." "What!" said **Rabbi,** "thou contemptible traitor, wilt thou dictate to the Sanhedrin? Know this, thy Master must die, and thou hast

delivered him to death." And all the **Priests** and **Pharisees** cried aloud, "He must die." And **Judas**, with staring eyes as one demented, repeated, "Die? Then I am a traitor, I have given him up to death!" He sank down like a man crushed by a blow, and then springing up, and breaking out into wild passion, he shouted aloud, "May ten thousand devils from hell tear me in pieces! Let them grind me to powder! Here, ye bloodhounds, take your accursed bloodmoney!" And with that he snatched the bag from his girdle and flung it violently before the seat of the High Priest. "Why didst thou let thyself be made the tool for a transaction which thou didst not weigh beforehand?" said **Caiaphas**. "Yes," cried **several**, "it is thine own business." Then shouted **Judas**, wildly, "May my soul be damned, my body burst asunder, and ye—" "Silence, and out from here," cried **all the priests** together. "And ye," shouted **Judas** above them all, "Ye will sink with me into the lowest hell!" He then rushed from the hall.

After a pause, during which the chief priests and rulers looked at each other in silence, the money lay unnoticed on the floor. **Caiaphas** said, "What a fearful man!" "I had some foreboding of this," said **Annas**. "It is his own fault," remarked a Priest. Then said **Caiaphas**, "Let him expiate that fault himself. He has betrayed his friend; we pursue our enemy. I remain steadfast by my determination, and if any one here should be of another opinion, let him stand up." "No," cried they **all** with one voice; "what has been resolved upon, let it be carried out." Then said **Caiaphas**, "What shall we do with this money? It is blood-money, it can no longer be put into the treasury of God." **Annas** said, "It might be used for some useful purpose, under the sanction of the High Council." All agreed to this, and **Saras** said, "A burying-place for strangers is much wanted. With this money a field may be purchased for that purpose." And they **all** said, "Yes we are all agreed about that." "Is there such a one in the market?" said **Caiaphas**. "Yes," said **Saras**; "a potter in the city has offered a piece of ground for sale at just this price." "Let Saras conclude the purchase," said **Caiaphas**. They then picked up the money, which had lain untouched on the floor and **Saras** departed saying he would conclude the transaction. "But now we will no longer

delay to pronounce the capital sentence upon the prisoner," continued **Caiaphas.** "I shall see," said **Annas,** "whether the scorn which he showed towards me has not yet left him. A real satisfaction will it be to me to share in the sentence. Let him die."

Jesus then was brought in a second time before Caiaphas. *Selpha,* as before, preceded him, and *Balbus* and *Malchus* led him bound by the hands with a cord. "Stand there," said **Selpha,** "and show more respect to the Council than thou didst before;" then he added, "Venerable fathers, here we bring the prisoner." Then said **Caiaphas,** "Lead him into the centre." **Balbus,** laying his hand on the shoulder of Jesus, thrust him forward, saying, "Step forward." Then **Caiaphas** spake unto Jesus, saying, "Jesus of Nazareth, dost thou stand by the words which thou hast pronounced this night before thy judges?" **Annas** added, "If thou be the Christ, tell us?" Then **Jesus** answered and said, "If I tell you, ye will not believe; if I also ask you, ye will not answer me nor let me go. But hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of Almighty God." A shudder ran through the Sanhedrin, and all cried excitedly, "Art thou then the Son of God?" **Jesus** answered, "Ye say that I am." **Annas** exclaimed, "It is enough: what need have we of any further witnesses?" The **Priests** and **Pharisees** who had not attended the night Council said "We have now heard it out of his own mouth." Then said **Caiaphas,** "Fathers of the people of Israel, it is now your duty to come to a final decision as to the guilt and punishment of this man." Then cried they **all,** "He is guilty of blasphemy. He hath deserved death." **Caiaphas** said, "We will therefore lead him before the judgment-seat of Pilate." And they **all** answered and said, "Yes, away with him. Let him die." "Pilate," said **Caiaphas,** "must first be informed, in order that

he may proclaim the sentence before the feast." **Rabbi** said, "Could someone be sent before from the Council in order to give him timely information?" "Thou thyself," said **Caiaphas**, "together with Dariabas and Rabinth, shalt go before. We will speedily come after." When these three had departed **Caiaphas** said, "This day then will save the religion of our fathers and exalt the honour of the Synagogue, so that the echo of our fame shall reach our latest descendants." All shouted, "Men will speak of us centuries hence!" and **Caiaphas** resumed,—"Lead him away! we follow." Once more they cried, "Down with the Galilean," and departed.

The three messengers sent by the Sanhedrin drew near to the house of Pilate, and as they went they spoke among themselves. **Rabbi** said, "At last we can breathe more freely again; we have been insulted long enough." **Dariabas** replied, "It was indeed high time otherwise the last hour of the Synagogue would have struck; his following which he knew so well how to control was becoming very large." "Now," said **Rabbi**, "there is nothing more to be feared from the people. The traders have in these days displayed the most creditable activity, to have gained for us a crowd of determined people. You will see if it comes to anything, they will effectively take the lead. The waverers will concur with them, and the followers of the Nazarene will find it well to be silent and take themselves off. I have no more anxiety."

Then said **Rabinth**, seeing that they had approached the palace of Pilate, "How shall we bring our message to Pilate? We dare not enter the house of the Gentile to-day, as in that case we should become unclean and could not eat the Passover." "We will send a message through one of his own people, I am known in the house. Let me knock at the door," said **Rabbi**, and going up the stairs to the balcony of Pilate's house he knocked gently at the door.

Standing and listening, he said, "Surely there is someone there? Yes, there is someone coming," and retired a little way down the steps so as to avoid any contact with the Gentile.

Quintus a servant of Pilate's opened it and said, "Welcome, Rabbi, wilt thou not come in?" "The precepts of the law will

not allow us to do so to-day," said **Rabbi**. **Quintus** said, "Is that so? Can I carry thy message?" "We beg thee to do so answered **Rabbi**. "The High Priest sends us to bring a petition to the illustrious Viceroy of Cæsar to ask if he will allow the Council to appear before him, and to bring before him a malefactor for the confirmation of the death sentence." "I will deliver the message at once to my lord; wait here in the meantime," said **Quintus**, and went in to Pilate. Rabbi. returning down the steps, joined Dariabas and Rabinth, who stood below. "It is very sad" said **Rabinth**, "that we must knock at the door of a Gentile in order to get the behests of our holy law executed." "Take courage," said **Rabbi**; "when once this domestic enemy is removed out of the way, who knows whether we might not soon free ourselves from the foreign foe?" **Dariabas** exclaimed, "Oh, may I live to see thee day which will bring freedom to the children of Israel!" **Quintus** returned and spoke unto them, saying, "The Governor greets you. Ye are to inform the High Priest that Pilate is ready to receive the petition of the Sanhedrin." "Accept our thanks for thy kindness," said the **Rabbi**. "Now let us hasten to report to the High Priest the result of our errand." Quintus then bowed and closed the door behind him. The three messengers then returned. **Rabinth** remarked anxiously, "Pilate will surely agree to the demand of the Council." "He must," said **Rabbi**; "how could he resist it, when the Sanhedrin and the whole people demand with one voice the death of this man?" "And besides," said **Dariabas**, "what does the Governor care about the life of a single Galilean? Were it merely to please the High Priest, who is of great importance to him, he would not hesitate to permit the execution."

Now **Judas**, being distracted by remorse, found himself, after wandering to and fro, in the potter's field, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver, in the midst of which stood a blasted tree. Then, after wildly looking round to see if anyone was near, he said: "Oh! where, where can I go to hide my shame, to escape the torments of conscience? No forest is dark enough!

No rocky cavern deep enough! O earth, open and swallow me up! I can no longer exist. O my dear Master! Him, best of all men, have I sold, giving him up to ill-treatment, to a most painful death of torture—I, detestable betrayer!—Oh! where is there another man on whom such guilt of blood doth rest? How good he always was to me. How sweetly did he comfort me when gloomy thoughts lay on my soul. How uplifted I felt as I sat at his feet and listened to the heavenly truths he told. How lovingly he admonished and warned me as I brooded over this scandalous treachery the dear Lord—and I, how have I repaid him? Accursed avarice which led me astray and made me blind and deaf. That was the chain with which Satan bound me and dragged me towards the abyss. Alas no longer a disciple never more can I appear before the face of any of the brethren. An outcast, hated and abhorred everywhere—branded as a traitor even by those who led me astray—I wander about alone with this burning fire in my heart. There is still One left. Oh! might I look on the Master's face once more, I would cling to him as my only anchor! But he lies in prison—has, perhaps, been already slain by the rage of his enemies, Ah no! by my guilt, by my fault! I am the abhorred one who has brought him to prison and to death. Woe to me! the scum of man! There is no help for me! For me there is no hope my crime is so great it can be expiated by no penance. For he is dead, and I—I am his murderer! Thrice unhappy hour in which my mother gave me to the world! Must I still drag on this life of agony, and bear these tortures about with me?—as one pest-stricken, flee from men, and be despised and shunned by all the world? No! I can bear it no longer! Not one step further! Here,

O life accursed, here will I end thee! On these branches let the most disastrous fruit hang." He untied his girdle and twined it about his neck. "Ha, ha! come thou serpent, entwine my neck, and strangle the betrayer!"

As Judas spoke the last words he tied with convulsive and feverish energy the long girdle round his neck and fastened it to the branch of the tree, and swung himself off.

CHAPTER XI.

PROLOGUE.—ACT XI.

Scarce was uttered the word, "Death to him, Moses' foe!"
When on all sides it was echoed. Thirsting with tigers' thirst
For the blood of the guiltless,
Haste they away to Pilate.

Fore the judgment-seat of the heathen, their fierce impatience
Heaps, untiringly eloquent, accusation
On accusation, awaiting
Tidings of doom, athirst for blood.

Thus of old arose the cry against Daniel,
Thousand-voiced: "This man hath destroyed Bel's image!
Away to the den of the lions!
Let him become their food."

When deceitful error has found an entrance
Into man's heart, he knows himself no longer:
Wrong becomes his virtue,
Virtue he hates and seeks to destroy.

TABLEAU XVI.

[The sixteenth tableau, which precedes the appearance of Christ before the tribunal of Pilate, the foreign ruler, is devoted to the scene in which Daniel was denounced before Darius immediately before his consignment to the den of lions. Daniel stands forth before the king undismayed by his accusers, a much more vigorous and rugged specimen of persecuted virtue than the Man of Sorrows, who immediately afterwards was led before Pilate.]

"He hath spoken blasphemy!
No witness more we need.
Condemned to death is He—
So hath the Law decreed,"
So clamours loud the murderous crew:
"Come, let us now to Pilate sue!
Bring our complaint to him, that we
May force from him the death-decree."

In this dumb picture here you see
  How falsely is accused God's Son—
  As Daniel once in Babylon.

"Foe of the gods is Daniel!—
  Hear thou, O king, thy folk complain—
He has destroyed the mighty Bel,
  The priests, moreover, and the Dragon slain—
In wrath before thy throne
Appears all Babylon.
If thou wilt from destruction fly,
This enemy of the gods must die,
The god he mocked can only be
By his death reconciled to thee."

Thus before Pilate's judgment-seat,
The Council, full of passion's heat,
  Come to demand Messiah's blood.
Oh! what has made them mad and blind?
  And what has kindled in their mind
  Of fury such a fiery flood?

'Tis envy—which no mercy knows,
In which hell's flame most fiercely glows-
Lights this devouring fire.
All's sacrificed unto its lust—
Nothing too sacred, good, or just
  To fall to its desire.
Oh! woe to those whom passion sweeps
Helpless and bound into the deeps!
From envious thoughts depart!
  Against them bar your breast
  For they, by Satan's hest,
To ill deeds turn the heart.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

THEN went the *High Priests* and the *Scribes*, together with the rulers and traders of the Temple, and the witnesses, to the house of Pilate. *Jesus* was led forth in front of them by *Balbus* and *Malchus* as before, *Selpha* being in command of the band of soldiers. As they went the **soldiers** shouted aloud, "Away with thee to death, thou false prophet! Ha! doth it dismay thee, that thou wilt not go forward," said **Abdias** brutally. "Drive

him on," said **Selpha.** But Jesus, being weary, walked with slow footsteps. Then the **soldiers** thrust him forward crying, "Shall we have to carry thee in our arms? Go on! thou hast not far to go, only to Calvary: there upon the cross thou canst rest in comfort!"

By this time they had approached the precincts of Pilate's house. Then said **Caiaphas** to the soldiers, "Be still; we have to announce our coming." And they were still. **Rabbi** said, "Go to the door and knock." It was done, and **Quintus** came out, saying, "What does this crowd of people want here?" **Rabbi** replied that the Council had assembled there. **Quintus** promised to announce them at once, and **Rabbi,** turning to the members of the Sanhedrin, said, "Do you hear? He will announce our presence without delay." **Caiaphas** addressed those who were following him: "Ye members of the Sanhedrin, if ye have at heart the holy traditions, our honour, the tranquillity of the whole land, then consider well this moment. It decides between us and that deceiver. If ye are men in whom flows the blood of your fathers, persevere. An imperishable monument ye will set up for yourselves. Be firm in your resolve." Then cried the **priests,** "Our fathers for ever! death to the enemy of the nation!" "Do not rest, then," said **Caiaphas,** "until he is blotted out of the number of the living!" And they cried again, "We will not rest, we demand his death, his blood." Then the **soldiers** turned to Jesus and said, "Hearest thou that, O king and prophet?"

Then came Pilate out with his attendants upon the balcony of his house; two spearmen on either side advanced to the foot of the steps of the balcony, and stood spear in hand whilst the audience lasted. Then **Caiaphas** stepped forward in front of the crowd, and, bowing low, thus began: "Governor and representative of the great Cæsar, health and blessing to thee." In which greeting **all** joined. Then **Caiaphas** continued: "We have brough here before thy judgment-seat a man of the name of Jesus, that thou mayest consent to the execution of the death sentence pronounced against him by the San-

hedrin." **Pilate** answered, "Bring him forth!" And the soldiers led Jesus out before Pilate, so that he stood on the right hand of the judgment-seat. **Pilate** having looked upon him, asked, "What accusations have ye to bring against this man?" **Caiaphas,** speaking with some surprise, said, "If he were not a great malefactor, we would not have delivered him over to thee, but have dealt with him ourselves according to the direction of our holy law." "Well, of what evil deeds has he been guilty?" asked **Pilate.** **Caiaphas** answered, "He has in many ways grievously offended against the holy law of Jsrael." **Pilate** answered, "Then take him away and judge him according to your law." Then said **Annas,** "He has already been judged by the Sanhedrin, and has been declared to be worthy of death." Then all the **priests** cried aloud, "For according to our law he has deserved death." But **Caiaphas** explained, "It is not lawful for us to execute the sentence of death on anyone; therefore we bring the application for the execution of the sentence to the representative of Cæsar." Then **Pilate,** having looked upon Jesus and upon Caiaphas, asked, with indignation, "How can I deliver a man over to death unless I know his crime, and before I have satisfied myself that the crime is worthy of death? What has he done?" Then said **Rabbi,** "The sentence of the Council upon this man was unanimously pronounced, and grounded upon a careful investigation into his crimes. It seems therefore unnecessary that the illustrious Governor should take upon himself the trouble of a second investigation." "What!" said **Pilate** hotly, "do ye dare to suggest to me, the representative of Cæsar, that I should be a blind instrument for the execution of your orders? Be that far from me! I must know what law he has broken, and in what way."

Caiaphas, Annas, and the members of the **Sanhedrin** waxed wroth and spoke warmly among themselves on hearing the words of Pilate. **Caiaphas** answered and said, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die because he made himself the Son of God," while **Amiel** shouted, "We all have heard

the blasphemy from his own lips;" and **Annas** added, "And upon that account we must insist that he suffers the legal punishment." Then **Pilate** said, scornfully unto them, "On account of such a speech, which at the most is only the outcome of an enthusiastic imagination, a Roman can find no one guilty of death. Who knows, also," he added, with a glance at Jesus, "whether this man may not be the son of some god! If ye have no other crime to lay to his charge ye need not think that I will fulfil your desire." **Caiaphas** answered and said, "Not only against our holy law, but also against Cæsar himself has this man been guilty of serious offences. We have found him to be an insurgent and deceiver of the people." Then cried all the **Priests** and **Pharisees** together tumultuously, "He is an agitator and a rebel." **Pilate** answered, "I have heard of one Jesus, who was said to go about the country and teach and do extraordinary works, but I have never heard of any sedition stirred up by him. Were anything of that kind to happen I should have heard of it before you, who am appointed for the maintenance of peace in the land, and am perfectly well informed concerning the words and deeds of the Jews. But tell me, when and where has he stirred up any commotion?" Then **Nathanael** stood forward, and said unto Pilate, "He brings together multitudes by thousands around him, and he has, quite recently, surrounded by such a crowd, made a solemn entry into Jerusalem itself." "I know that," said **Pilate,** contemptuously, "but nothing took place on that occasion to disturb the public peace!"

By this time Caiaphas and the Priests were in a state of indignation which they did not care to conceal, and **Caiaphas** asked angrily, "Is it not sedition if he forbids the people to pay tribute to Cæsar?" **Pilate** asked, "Where have you proof of that?" "Proof enough," retorted **Caiaphas,** "for he gives himself out as the Messiah, the King of Israel. Is not that a challenge to the imperial authority?" **Pilate** replied, sarcastically, "I admire your suddenly awakened zeal for the authority of Cæsar."

Then turning to Jesus, who had stood silent during the altercation, he asked him, saying, "Hearest thou what serious accu-

sations these bring against thee? What answerest thou?" **Jesus** remained silent. "See," said **Caiaphas**, eagerly, "He cannot deny it." "His silence is an admission of his crime," **Ezechiel** hastened to add. Then cried all the **multitude**, stretching out their hands towards Pilate, "Sentence him, then!" "Patience," said **Pilate**, "there is time enough for that. I will take him apart for a private hearing."

Pilate, speaking to his attendants, said, "Perhaps, when he is no longer confused by the crowd and the fury of his accusers, he will answer me." Then speaking to his servants, he said, "Lead him into the court." And turning to Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin, he said, "Go! my guard shall take charge of him, but do ye examine the justice or injustice of your complaints, and be careful to investigate whether they do not perhaps come from a polluted source. Then let me know the result of your reflections." At this Caiaphas turned his back upon Pilate and looked with indignation upon his followers, who showed the liveliest manifestations of disgust. **Josue** said, "Everything has been well considered and examined already. The law pronounces him worthy of death." The Jews, turning to go, angrily discussed this reverse. "This is a troublesome delay," said **Rabbi**. But **Caiaphas** encouraged them, saying, "Do not lose heart, victory belongs to the steadfast."

Then was **Jesus** brought before Pilate's judgment-seat, and **Pilate** said unto him, "Thou hast heard the complaint of the Council against thee. Give me an answer thereto. Thou hast, they say, called thyself a Son of God. Whence art thou?" But **Jesus** made no answer. Then **Pilate** said unto him with some surprise, "Dost thou not speak even unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee and to release thee?"

Then **Jesus** turned to him and said, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given unto thee from above. Therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." "Frankly spoken," said **Pilate** aside. Then speaking to Jesus, he said, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" **Jesus** answered, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it of me?" **Pilate** answered, "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me. They accuse thee that thou hast desired to be the King of Israel. What ground is there for this?"

Then answered **Jesus** unto him, and said, "My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence." Then said **Pilate,** "Art thou a king then?" **Jesus** answered, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." When **Pilate** heard this he said, "What is truth?"

Hardly had he asked this question when the servant **Quintus** entered hastily from the door behind. "Lord! thy servant Claudius is here; he has to bring to thee a pressing message from thy wife." **Pilate** said, "Let him come in. Lead the man hence for a moment into the hall." The attendants having led Jesus out, *Claudius* entered. **Pilate** asked him, "What bringest thou from my dear wife?" "My lord!" said **Claudius,** "thy wife greeteth thee, and prays thee from her heart, for thine own sake and for hers, that thou wouldst have nothing to do with this just man who has been accused before thy judgment-seat? She suffered anguish and terror on his account last night, owing to a fearful dream." **Pilate** answered, "Go back and tell her that she need not disturb herself. I will have nothing to do with the proposals of the Jews, but do all that I can to save him." Saluting Pilate, the messenger departed.

Pilate then said to his attendants, "Would that I had nothing to do with this business. What do ye think, my friends, of the complaint of the Jewish priests?" Then said the courtier **Mela,** "It seems to me that they are only inspired by envy and jealousy. The most passionate hatred appears in their words and countenances." And the courtier **Silvius** added, "The hypocrites pretend that they have the authority of Cæsar at heart, whereas the matter only concerns their own authority, which they believe endangered by this famous teacher of the people."

Pilate answered, "I agree with you. I cannot believe that this man entertains any criminal schemes in his mind. There is so much that is noble in his features and in his demeanour. His speech displays so noble a candour and such high natural gifts that he seemed much more to be a very wise man, perhaps only too wise for these gloomy fanatics to be able to bear the light of his countenance. And then the dream which troubled my wife on his account!—If he were really of higher origin? No," said **Pilate**, decidedly, arriving at a resolution, "I will not let myself be induced to comply with the wishes of the priests." Then he ordered his servants saying, "Let the chief priests appear here again, and let the accused be led out again from the judgment hall."

Then came *Caiaphas*, *Annas*, and the priests, and the scribes and rulers of the people once more before Pilate to receive his decision. Then **Pilate** spoke unto them as follows, "Here you have your prisoner again, he is without guilt." Consternation and fury were displayed on the faces of all the Jews. Then **Annas** said, "We have Cæsar's word that our law shall be upheld. How can he be without guilt who treads this very law beneath his feet?" Then cried all the **Council**, saying, "He is worthy of death." **Caiaphas**, who stood before the Council, asked, "Is he not punishable by Cæsar when he maliciously injures that which Cæsar's will has guaranteed us?" **Pilate** said, "I have told you already, if he hath done anything against your law, then punish him according to your law, in so far as ye are authorised so to do. I cannot pronounce the death sentence upon him, because I find nothing in him which, according to the laws upon which I have to act, is deserving of death."

Then were the Jews sorely troubled and muttered among themselves in hot displeasure, but **Caiaphas** replied, "If anyone proclaims himself as king, is he not a rebel? Does he not deserve the death punishment for high treason?" "If," said **Pilate**, "this man has called himself a king, it seems to me that so ambiguous a word is not sufficient to condemn him.

For it is openly taught among the Romans that every wise man is a king. But ye have brought forward no facts to prove that he has usurped kingly authority." Then said **Nathanael,** "Is it not a sufficient fact that through him the whole people are stirred up; that he fills the whole of Judæa with his teaching, beginning from Galilee, where he first attracted followers to himself, until here in Jerusalem?" Then asked **Pilate** in surprise, "Has he come out of Galilee?" Then cried they **all,** "Yes he is a Galilean," and **Rabbi** added, "His home is in Nazareth, in the jurisdiction of King Herod." "If that be so," said **Pilate,** joyfully, "then am I relieved of the jurisdiction. Herod, King of Galilee, has come hither for the feast; he can now judge his own subject. Take him away, and bring him unto his own king. He shall be conducted thither by my bodyguard." Then Pilate, with his attendants, left the judgment hall. **Caiaphas** exclaimed, "On, then, to Herod. With Herod, who professeth the faith of our fathers, we shall find better protection for our holy law." **Annas** said, "And if a thousand hindrances were to oppose themselves, the criminal must meet with the deserved punishment. Then they cried, as they went off to the palace of Herod, "One hour—sooner or later, what matters it?—he must die! and this very day."

ACT XII.

PROLOGUE.

Further outrage, waiteth now the Lord's Beloved
In Herod's court. In presence of this haughty prince
He will not work miracles or prophesy
The curious to please.

Thus the Wisest of all by fools is treated
As a fool, and mocked in white robes of honour—
Made a spectacle for the slaves of princes,—
Evil-entreated.

Samson, in his strength, the dread of the heathen—
Blinded now and weak, stands helpless and fettered,
Laughed at and despised and shorn of his glory
'Fore the Philistines.

But He who now seems weak, will yet rise in strength
He who stands abased will be raised in glory.
Goodness ever above the scorn of sinners
Rises triumphant.

TABLEAU XVII.

[Tableau the seventeenth, which prefigures the contemptuous mockery of Christ by Herod, represents Samson avenging himself upon the Philistines by pulling down the temple upon their heads. The blinded giant strains at one of the two pillars on which the roof rests, breaking it asunder, and the company, arrested in their mirth, wait in horror to see their impending doom. The parallel in this case is between the mocking of Samson and the jeers to which Christ was subjected, and does not refer to the vengeance of the former upon the Philistines.]

Before the Heathen judge, in fury blind
The priests enraged stir up their passions hot.
They cannot change the Roman's steadfast mind,
The din of stormy clamour moves him not.

One word—they drag the Christ away
To stand 'fore Herod's face,
Who thinks the sight a merry jest—
Behold this new disgrace!

Behold, how mighty Samson brave
Is fettered by a coward crew.
The hero, who his thousands slew,
Wears now the garments of a slave.

So dreadful, erst unto the foe,
He makes Philistines sport to-day—
Serves them as pastime rare—and they
Exult, for they his weakness know.

So Jesus, Son of God, doth stand,
A mark for proud fools' scorn and spite,
Mocked in a royal robe of white,—
Despised, abused, on every hand.

JESUS BEFORE HEROD.

King Herod stood beside his throne arrayed in scarlet robes, wearing a golden crown upon his head, and holding a golden sceptre in his hand. On either side were his courtiers. He said unto them, "So! they have made prisoner the famous man

from Nazareth." "Yes, my lord," said **Zabulon,** "I saw him and recognised him at the first glance." Then said **Herod,** "I have desired to see this man for a long time with whose wondrous works the whole land rings, to whom, as if by magic, people run in crowds. Can he be John, risen from the dead?" "Oh, no," said **Naasson,** "John worked no miracles; whereas they relate deeds done by this man which in truth are wonderful if they are not exaggerated." "As I have," said **Herod,** "so unexpected an opportunity of seeing him, I am impatient to put his magic skill to the proof." "He will be very willing," said **Manasses,** "to oblige you in that respect, in order to obtain your favour, and protection." Then said **Herod,** who had seated himself, to Zabulon, "Tell the priests they may bring their prisoner in." "They are probably coming with complaints against the man," said **Manasses,** "as they are forsaken by all the people." **Herod** replied, "Let them do that before Pilate—here I have nothing to do—no judgment to pronounce." **Manasses** remarked, "Perhaps they have met with a refusal from the Governor, and are now seeking another way to obtain their end." **Herod** replied, "I shall not let myself be dragged into their pious quarrels. I only wish to see him, and test his alleged miraculous powers."

Then came into the presence of Herod, *Caiaphas*, *Annas*, *Rabbi*, *Nathanael*, and four priests, bringing *Jesus* with them, led by the soldiers of Herod. **Caiaphas** bowed before King Herod, saying, "Most mighty king!" and all the **priests** cried, "Prosperity and blessing upon thee from the Almighty!" Then said **Caiaphas,** "The Sanhedrin has taken a criminal and now brings him before the King in order that he may confirm their lawful sentence." "The law," said **Nathanael,** "decrees his death;" and **Annas** added, "May it please the king to confirm the sentence of the Synagogue." But said **Herod,** "How can I be a judge in a foreign territory? Go to your own Governor;

he will do justice." Then said **Caiaphas**, "Pilate sent him hither, because being a Galilean he is thy subject." "Then this man belongeth to my jurisdiction? Who is he?" The **priests** said, "Jesus of Nazareth." **Caiaphas** added, "Pilate himself said, Go to King Herod; let him pronounce sentence upon his own subject." "Did Pilate say that? Wonderful!" said **Herod**. And turning to his courtiers he remarked, "Pilate sends him to me! Allows me to act as judge in his own province!" **Naasson** replied, "It seems as if he wished to make overtures to thee again." And **Manasses** added: "He certainly must realize how valuable the King's friendship is to him." **Herod** replied, "I will accept it as a proof of his friendly feeling." Then turning to Jesus, **Herod** said, "I have heard very much of thee by common report, and have longed to see the man who has created such a sensation in the country." "He is a deceiver," said **Rabbi**; "an enemy of the holy law." "I have heard," said **Herod**, taking no notice of the interruption, "that thou canst interpret all mysteries and achieve feats which set at defiance the laws of nature. Let us have an example of thy skill and mighty power; then we will honour thee like the people, and believe in thee." "O king," said **Zadok**, "do not let him lead thee astray, for he is in league with Beelzebub!" "That is all the same to me," said **Herod**. Then, addressing Jesus, he said, "I had last night a wonderful dream. If thou canst tell me what I have dreamed I will esteem thee as a first-class reader of hearts." Herod paused, but Christ remained motionless and silent. "Thou canst not do so much as that," continued **Herod**, "but perhaps thou understandest how to explain the dream if I tell thee what it was. I dreamt I stood upon the battlements of my palace at Herodium and saw the sun go down. There stood suddenly a man, who stretched out his hand

and pointed to the setting sun and said, 'See there, there in Hesperia, is thy bedchamber.' Hardly had he said this when his form melted into mist. I started and woke up. If thou art enlightened like Joseph when he stood before the king of Egypt, interpret to thy king this dream." Christ remained silent, looking sadly at **Herod.** "Art thou not experienced in this branch of the business? Well then, show some of thy famous magic art. Cause it suddenly to become dark in this hall, or raise thyself and depart from us without touching the ground, or convert the roll on which thy death sentence is written into a snake. Thou wilt not, or thou canst not? Any of these things ought to be easy to thee; they relate much more wondrous miracles of thine." Then turning to his courtiers **Herod** said, "He does not stir. Ah! I see well that what has made him so notorious was only idle tittle-tattle. He knows nothing and can do nothing." "It is easy," said **Naasson,** "to make believe before the foolish mob; it is another thing to stand before a wise and powerful king." Then said **Manasses** to Jesus, "Why should'st thou not display thy wisdom here? Why should thy power vanish, even as a soap bubble?" Then said **Herod** scornfully, "There is nothing remarkable about him. He is a conceited fellow, whom the applause of the people hath made crazy. Let him go. It is not worth while making so much trouble on his account." "O king!" said **Caiaphas,** do not trust this sly and crafty rogue. Indeed, he only makes himself out to be a fool in order to obtain a milder sentence from thee." **Annas** said, "If he be not put away, then would the peace of the kingdom also stand in danger, for he has presumed to exalt himself to be king." "What!" said **Herod,** "to be a king! To be a king of fools, that is more credible. As such he deserves to receive homage, therefore will I give him as

a present a king's mantle, and so formally install him as the king of all fools." Then cried the **priests** aloud, "Not this; he has deserved death." **Caiaphas** said, "O king, protector of our holy law, remember thy duty to punish the transgressor as the law ordains." Then said **Herod**, "What have ye really against him?" "He hath profaned the Sabbath, said the **Rabbi. Nathanael** added, "He is a blasphemer." And all the **priests** cried, "And as such the law declares him worthy of death." Then said **Ezekiel,** "He has also spoken contemptuously of the Temple, which thy father so gloriously rebuilt; he has declared that he would build a more beautiful one in three days." Then **Herod** laughed and said, "Now, that proves indeed that he is a king of fools." Then said **Josue.** "The reverence in which I hold thee O king almost forbids me to mention it, but he has also spoken insultingly of thee. He has presumed to call thee, his lord and king, a fox." "Then he has attributed to me a quality which he cannot certainly claim himself,," replied **Herod.** "Clothe him; wrapped in this splendid robe, he will play his part well before the people."

The **priests** cried, "To death with him, to death with him. He must die!" **Herod** said, "No I will not be guilty of the blood of so exalted a king". Then came in a servant bringing a white robe, which he put on the shoulders of Jesus, and after Jesus had been robed **Zabulon** said to him, "Now, for the first time, thou wilt create a real sensation, thou great wonder-worker." **Manasses** jeered: "Now all the fools in the land will be happy with a king so gorgeously arrayed" and **Naasson** added: "How dumbfounded thy supporters will be when thou tellst them of the wonder by which thou hast won this mag-

nificient robe from King Herod." **Herod** ordered: "Lead him forth before the people in this his proper apparel, that they may admire him to their heart's content. Until they are tired of him." Then said the **first soldier** to Jesus, "Come, thou miraculous king, and allow us to accompany thee." The **second soldier** said, "What good luck for me to walk by the side of so illustrious a lord," and so saying they led away Jesus wearing the white robe which Herod had put upon him.

Then said **Caiaphas**, "Thou hast convinced thyself that his alleged great works were nothing but lies and deceit, whereby the people were defrauded by him. Give, then, thy sentence." And all the **priests** cried, "Pronounce the sentence of death upon him, as the law demands." **Herod** replied, "My opinion is, he is a simple fellow, and not capable of the crime of which you accuse him. If he has, perchance, done or spoken anything against the law it is to be attributed to his simplicity." "O king," said **Caiaphas**, take care that thou dost not err!"

"I fear," said **Annas**, "thou wilt repent if thou allowest him to escape punishment." "I fear nothing of the kind," said **Herod**. "A fool one must treat as a fool. He has already suffered for his follies, and will avoid them in the future. With that the trial is at an end."

Then said **Rabbi**, "Then it is all over with our law, our religion, Moses and the prophets!" **Herod** said, "I abide by my decision. I am weary, and will not concern myself further about the affair. Pilate may decide according to his official duty. Offer to him greeting and friendship from King Herod."

Then went the priests out sorely dissatisfied with the decision of the king. Then **Herod** rose from his seat and said, "This time the result has not corresponded to our expectations. I expected to find a great wonder-worker and eloquent orator, and behold, there is only quite an ordinary man with never a word to

say for himself." "Ah!" said **Manasses**, "how lying rumour exaggerates that which, when more closely examined, is shown to be nothing." "Friends," said **Herod**, "that is not John: John at least spoke, and spoke with wisdom, and an eloquence which one must esteem, but this one is as dumb as a fish. Let us now go, and make up for lost time by seeking more agreeable amusement."

ACT XIII.

PROLOGUE.

Oh! what a sight, for ever to be mourned
By Christ's disciples, here doth meet our eyes!
The body of the Lord is wounded
All over with countless strokes of scourges.

His head, surrounded by a sharp crown of thorns;
His face we scarcely know, sprinkled with drops of blood.
Where is the eye that would not shed
Tears of compassion and of woe?

When father Jacob his dear one's raiment saw,
All torn and stained with blood, how trembled he then?
How wept he, uttering in his anguish
Cries that might pierce the hardest heart.

Let us also weep, when we see the Divine One,
Friend of our souls, enduring such cruel torment.
Alas! 'tis our own transgressions
That have wounded His loving heart.

TABLEAU XVIII.

[The eighteenth and nineteenth tableaux precede the scourging. The former represents the bringing of Joseph's coat, all steeped in blood, to the patriarch Jacob; the latter the sacrifice of Isaac. Joseph's coat is not very bloody. His father's distress is very vividly expressed. Isaac lies on Mount Moriah, a black-haired, curly headed boy—while Abraham, who is just about to slay him with a bright falchion, is restrained by an angel, who points to a ram in a thicket.]

Not yet the host have raged their fill,
Not yet for vengeance slaked their thirst—
On thoughts of murder brooding still,
And full of Satan's wrath accurst.

Can nothing melt their hearts for evermore?
The body, marred with stripes and bruises sore—
With wounds unnumbered—
Is all compassion dead?

Oh! what a scene of horror here!
See Joseph's coat, with blood besprent!
Down Jacob's cheek, with suffering spent,
Flows deepest sorrow's bitter tear.

Where is my Joseph—all my joy—
On whom the old man's hope did rest?
Alas! there's blood upon this vest,
The life-blood of my boy!

Ah, me! a raging beast has slain,
Has torn my dearest one.
After thee, Joseph, I will run!
No comfort here can ease my pain.
So mourns the father o'er and o'er,
And Joseph, sees him never more!

Thus, too, these fiends Christ's body tear,
In raging mood;—
His precious blood
Flows streaming from the deep wounds there.

TABLEAU XIX.

Abraham! Abraham! do not slay!
Thy faith was great enough to-day,
To God thy son, thine only son to give,
For joy of all the nations he shall live.

And Abraham saw a ram
Caught in a thicket there,
He took and sacrificed the same,
As did the Lord declare.

This picture shows a mystery great,
In sacred darkness shrouded yet.
Like to this offering on Moriah found,
Even so, the Christ shall soon with thorns be crowned.

The Thorn-crowned One, as wills the Father, thus.
Shall yield His life a ransom up for us.
Where can we find a love that is
As great as this dear love of His?

THE SCOURGING AND CROWN OF THORNS.

CAIAPHAS and Annas, and the chief priests and the rulers, and the Council and the traders of the Temple, and the witnesses accompanied the soldiers who once more led Jesus to Pilate's house. Then said **Caiaphas**, "Now Pilate must be challenged more imperiously; and if he does not do according to our will, we will threaten him with an appeal to Cæsar." "Shall I now," said **Annas**, "in my grey old age see the Synagogue overthrown? No! with stammering tongue I will call for the blood and death of this criminal, and then descend to the tomb of my fathers, when I have seen this evildoer die upon the cross." "We would sooner," cried **Rabbi**, speaking with great animation, "be buried in the ruins of the Temple than go back upon our resolution." Speaking as one man the **Pharisees** said: "We shall never leave off until he is dead." Then proclaimed **Caiaphas**, "Whoever goes back upon this decision, let him be cast out of the Synagogue." And **Annas** added, "Let the curse of the Fathers fall upon him." Then said **Caiaphas**, "Time presses, the day is advancing; now we must employ all the means at our disposal in order to carry out our will before the Feast." All this time the Jews and the soldiers leading Jesus stood before the house of Pilate.

Pilate, attended by his servants, soon appeared on the balcony. "We bring the prisoner once more before thee and earnestly desire his death," said **Caiaphas**. All the **Priests** cried aloud, "We insist upon it, he must die." Then said **Pilate**, "Ye brought me this man as an agitator; and see! I have heard your complaints, and I have myself examined him, and have not found anything in him touching those things whereof ye accuse him." Then said **Caiaphas**, angrily, "We abide by our accusation; he is worthy of death." And the

Priests cried, clamorously, "He is an offender against our law and against Cæsar." Then said **Pilate,** "I sent him to Herod, because he is a Galilean.. Have ye brought forward your complaints before him?" "Yes," said **Caiaphas,** "but Herod would not judge the case because thou art in authority here." Then said **Pilate,** "He, too, has found nothing in the man that deserves death, but in order to meet your desire I will have this man scourged and let him go." But **Annas** said, "That sufficeth not," and **Caiaphas** said, "The law prescribes for such a criminal not the punishment of scourging, but the punishment of death." The **Priests** cried again, "To death with him!"

Then **Pilate,** hearing the clamour of the Jews, and seeing how bitter they were against Jesus, said unto them, "Is your hate so deep and bitter against this man that it cannot even be satisfied by the blood from his wounds? Ye compel me to tell you frankly what I think. Driven by ignoble passion ye persecute him because the people are more devoted to him than they are to you. I have heard enough of your hateful accusations. I will now hear the voice of the people. An innumerable number will soon assemble here in order to demand. according to old custom, the release of one prisoner at the Passover festival. Then it will be seen whether your complaint is the outcome of popular sentiment or only of your personal revenge." **Caiaphas,** smiling to himself, bowed low before Pilate and said, "The result will show, O Governor, that thou thinkest evil of us unjustly." Then **Josue** cried, "It is not vengeance, but zeal for the holy law of God which compels us to demand his death." **Pilate** said, "Ye know of the murderer, Barabbas, who lies in chains, and of his evil deeds. Between him and Jesus of Nazareth I will let the people choose. The one whom they ask for, him will I release." Then cried **all** with one voice, "Release Barabbas, and to the cross

with the other!" "Ye are not the people," said **Pilate,** haughtily, "the people will speak for themselves. Meanwhile I will have this one scourged." Then, speaking to his servants. he said, "The soldiers will lead him hence and scourge him according to the Roman law." Then turning to his courtiers, he said, "Whatever he has done amiss will be sufficiently atoned for, and perhaps the spectacle of the scourging may soften the blind wrath of his enemies."

When Pilate quitted the balcony and entered his house, Caiaphas addressed a stirring speech to the Jews. His opportunity had come. "Pilate," said **Caiaphas,** "appeals to the voice of the people. Good; we appeal to it also. Now," said he, turning to the traders and witnesses, "now, true-hearted Israelites, your opportunity has arrived. Go hence into the streets of Jerusalem, summon your friends to come hither, unite them in masses, kindle in them the most glowing hatred against the enemy of Moses. The waverers seek to win by the strength of your words and by promises, but terrify the followers of the Galilean by an overwhelming outcry against them, by insult and mockery, by threats, and if necessary by ill-treatment, so that none of them may dare to let himself be seen here, much less to open his mouth." Then cried the **traders and witnesses** together, "We will go hence and soon return again." "Each," said **Dathan,** "at the head of an excited mob." **Caiaphas** said, "Let us all meet in the street of the Sanhedrin." The traders bowed, and as they went the **Priests** cried after them, "Hail to you, faithful disciples of Moses." Then said **Caiaphas,** "Let us not lose a single moment. Let us go together to the crowds to encourage them, to inflame them." **Annas** added, "From all the streets of Jerusalem will we lead the exasperated people before the judgment-seat." **Rabbi** said, complacently, "If Pilate wishes to hear the voice of the people, let him hear it!" "Let him hear," said **Caiaphas,** "the unanimous cry of the nation: Release Barabbas; the Galilean to the cross!" Then **all the Jews** cried aloud, with an exceeding loud voice, "Release Barabbas; the Galilean to the cross!"

Then the **soldiers** led Jesus away to the Prætorium, and took off his robe, and tied his hands to a low pillar and scourged him. When they were weary with scourging **one of the soldiers** said, "He has had enough, he is all running down with blood." "Thou pitiable King of the Jews!" said they, as they knelt, and mockingly did homage to him. "What kind of a king can this be? he has no sceptre in his hand, no crown upon his head," said **Sabinus**. "That can be mended; I will at once bring the insignia of the Jewish sovereignty! said another of the soldiers **Caspius** by name going out." "Thou must be a real King," mocked **Milo**, and **Sabinus** added "Wait but a little while Oh King and thou shalt be regally arrayed." Caspius returned bringing a scarlet mantle, a crown of thorns, and a reed. They were laid upon a cushion, and together with them were laid iron gloves so that they might handle the crown of thorns without suffering therefrom. "Here," cried **Caspius**, "this is certainly the most lovely attire for a King of the Jews." "Is it not true," said **Milo** and **Sabinus**, "that thou hast never expected such an honour?" "Come, let us hang this purple robe about thee!" urged **Caspius**. "But sit down, a king should not stand." Here is a beautiful pointed crown," said **Milo** taking the crown of thorns with the iron gloves and placing it upon the head of Jesus. "Let us look at thee!" Then they laughed aloud for joy. "But," said **Domitius**, "if it is not to fall off thy head then must we set it on firmly. Come, brothers, help me." Then four of the soldiers seized in their hands two staves, and crossing them over his head, pressed the crown heavily down upon the brow of Jesus. Jesus shuddered in agony. "Here," cried **Sabinus**, "is the sceptre!" And taking the reed he placed it in his hands. "Now nothing more is wanted. Then all knelt before him, crying." "What a king! Hail to thee, most migthy King of the Jews!" When they were mocking him a **servant** entered from Pilate, saying that the prisoner must be brought immediately into the judgment hall. Then said **Sabinus**, "Thou comest at the wrong time." "Thou hast disturbed us in the middle of our demonstrations of reverence," explained **Domitius**. But **Caspius** said to the servant "We come at once." Then they said to Jesus, "Stand up, we will lead thee about as a spectacle. There will be rejoicing among the Jewish people when their king appears before them in full splendour! Make haste," urged **Caspius**, "we might tarry too long."

ACT XIV.

PROLOGUE.

In what woeful plight standeth the Saviour there!
Even Pilate himself's touched with compassion now.
Foolish people and blinded,
Have ye no hearts to pity him?

No! seized with madness, they cry, "To the cross with Him!"
Cry for torture and death upon the Holiest.
For Barabbas, the murderer,
Pardon asking, and liberty.

Oh! how otherwise once 'fore the Egyptian folk
Joseph!—Around him shouts echoed, and songs of joy,
As the saviour of Egypt
He was solemnly shown to them.

But round the World's Deliverer there rageth now
A maddened crowd whose blinded hate will know no rest
Till all unwillingly the Judge
Decrees: Take and crucify him.

TABLEAU XX.

[The scene in which Christ is sentenced to death is prefaced by two tableaux. The first represents Joseph acclaimed as Grand Vizier of Pharaoh. The stage is filled with a bright-spirited multitude of acclaiming beholders. The tableau is unquestionably vivid, but as a preface to the Death Sentence it is somewhat out of place. The second more appropriate, although scenically less telling, is the Choice of the Scapegoat, which is represented as taking place in the Temple, before an interested crowd of spectators.]

Ah! see the King that's crowned in scorn!
What monarch such a crown has worn,
Or sceptre borne—and He so great?
Ye see Him decked with purple shreds;
They laugh and jeer and shake their heads:
Is this the royal robe of state?
Ah! what a man!
Where is the trace of Deity?
The sport of the rude hangman He.

See! what a man!
Cries Pilate, pitying,
See! what a man!
The joyous shouts 'fore Joseph ring.

Through Egypt's realms loud let them sound,
"May Joseph live! be he adored!"
And thousandfold re-echo round,
O Egypt's father, shield and lord!
And let all folk both great and small
Join in our joyous festival.

Thou gavest to Egypt joy and pride
And strength she yet had never known
So Egypt now from every side
Brings grateful homage to thy throne.

TABLEAU XXI.
The Scapegoat.

This is the covenant-sacrifice
Jehovah hath ordained of old:
Two goats are chosen from the fold,
And 'twixt those two, the priest, by voice
Of lot, decides Jehovah's choice.

O Lord! through this our Victim's blood,
Forgive Thy people—Thou art good!

The blood of goats no more will He.
In this new cov'nant there shall be
A victim pure doth He decree—

A lamb from every blemish pure
And that shall be the Victim sure,
The Lord hath called His only-born—
Soon He shall come, fall, bleed forlorn;
I hear the shouts of cruelty.

People: Barabbas be
From fetters free!

Choir: Nay Jesus be
From fetters free!
How fierce was the murderers' voice!

People: To the cross with Him! To the cross with Him!
Choir: Ah! look on Him! Ah! look on Him!
What evil hath He done?
People: If thou dost let this wretch depart,
Cæsar's friend no more thou art.
Choir: Alas! Alas! Jerusalem!
The Lord will yet avenge Messiah's blood on thee!
People: Upon us and upon our children let it be!
Choir: Yea! let it come upon you and your children!

"JESUS OR BARABBAS?"

THEN was Jerusalem in an uproar: the traders and the priests ran everywhere hither and thither, stirring up the people against Jesus. On all sides the crowds mustered, and, directed by the priests to assemble in the street of the Sanhedrin, and from this to proceed to Pilate's house to demand the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus, from four sides the tumultuous mobs came pouring down to the place of assembly. Their hoarse cries of "To the cross with him! to the cross with him!" were heard in the distance before the foremost leaders came in sight. At the head of one mob came **Nathanael**, fervently exhorting the multitude to demand the death of Jesus. "Moses, your prophet," said he, "calls upon you. His holy law demands that you should avenge it." And the **multitude** following him cried together, "We belong to Moses. We are and remain followers of Moses and of his teaching." The **multitude** pouring down from the right into the central thoroughfare shouted "We hold fast by our priests and teachers. Away with him who would rise against them!" *Caiaphas* was leading them, proudly exulting in the manifestations of their zeal. Into the same central place came a third band, led by *Annas*, whose **followers** shouted aloud, "Ye are our fathers, we will answer for your honour!" **Annas** answered, "Come, children, throw yourselves into the arms of the holy Sanhedrin. It will save you." While the clamorous multitudes from these three quarters were pouring down confusedly into the main street, the shouting of a fourth mob was heard down Pilate's street. **Ezekiel** marched at the head of this new company, crying, "Shake it off; the yoke of the deceiver!" and **they** cried in answer, "We will have nothing more to do with him; we follow you!" As the four contingents of the populace collected thus in the open space it could be seen how successfully they had been organised. Each of the four divisions was led by a ruler of the people, and had in its ranks a number of the traders of the Temple, the witnesses and the priests whose

violent zeal gave movement and direction to the whole crowd. Various cries burst forth from the multitude, and each section as it saw the strength of the others exulted and greeted their leaders with shouts of joy. "The whole people applauds you!" "We will be free from that false teacher the Nazarene!" answered **another section of the crowd.** Then **Caiaphas, Annas, Nathanael** and **Ezekiel**, meeting together, cried with a loud voice, "Your fathers' God will receive you again! Ye are again to him a holy people!" The **crowd**, now massed together in the main street, cried, "Ye are our true friends! Long live the great Sanhedrin! Long live our teachers and priests!" and **Annas** answered, "Death to the Galilean!" "Up!" said **Caiaphas**, "let us now hasten to Pilate," and **Nathanael** added, "Let us demand his death, his blood!" Then **all the people** answered, "On to Pilate; the Nazarene shall die!" As they came trooping forward their leaders addressed them from time to time to incite their zeal. "He hath falsified the law!" cried the **leaders.** "He has condemned Moses and the prophets! He hath blasphemed God!" Then **all the people** cried again, "To death with the false prophet!" The **section led by Ezekiel** shouted, "Death by the cross!" and the **other sections** took it up: "The Blasphemer must die." "Pilate must let him be crucified!" Then said **Caiaphas**, "On the cross he shall atone for his crimes!" "We will not rest," cried the **crowd**, "until his sentence is pronounced." The whole multitude had now arrayed themselves before the jugdment-seat of Pilate. **Caiaphas**, who lorded it over the whole assemblage with look and gesture, thus addressed them, "Hail to you, children of Israel! Ye are indeed still true descendants of your father Abraham! Oh, rejoice that ye have escaped the nameless destruction which this deceiver would bring upon you and your children! ' "Only," said **Annas**, "by the untiring efforts of your fathers has the nation escaped the abyss." Then cried the **people**, "Long live the Council! Death to the Nazarene!" and the **priests** cried out, "Curse him who does not vote for his death!" The **people** responded, "We demand his death!"

Then for some time there was nothing heard but a confused clamour, but the voice of Caiaphas rang out notwithstanding, while the people responded to his appeals. It sounded from afar in this wise: **Caiaphas**: "Let him be cast out from the heritage of our fathers," and all the **people** cried, "Let him be cast out." **Annas** shouted "He shall have no part with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob" and thunderously the **people** repeated "He shall have no part with Abraham Isaac and Jacob." **Caiaphas** said, "The Governor will give you the choice between this blasphemer and Barabbas. Let us insist upon the release of Barabbas." Then the **people** cried, "Let

Barabbas go free, and down with the Nazarene." Then said **Annas**, "Let the fathers be praised who have heard our wishes." Then **all** cried out, "Pilate must consent, the whole nation demands it of him." **Caiaphas**, walking backwards and forwards with excited mien but proud and triumphant step, said, "Oh, most glorious day of the people of Israel! Children, be steadfast!" The **priests and pharisees**: "This day brings back honour to the Synagogue and freedom to the people." "Now," said **Caiaphas**, as they approached the house of Pilate, "let us demand the sentence with uproar and threaten him with universal revolt!" Then cried the whole **multitude** tumultuously, "We demand the blood of our enemy!" So loud was the cry, so savage its emphasis, that **two servants** of Pilate started out of the house, and, looking down on the turbulent throng, cried out, "Uproar! insurrection!" And the **people** answered, "The Nazarene shall die!" **Caiaphas**, hastening hither and thither in the crowd to excite them to still further violence, said, "Show courage. Stand out undismayed. A righteous cause defends us." Then the **people** called out clamorously, "Pilate! pronounce the sentence of death!" Pilate's **servant Pomponius** from the balcony said, "Silence! be quiet." but the **crowd** shouted at him louder than before, "No, we will not be quiet until Pilate consents." Then said **Pomponius**, "Pilate will come out immediately." Then cried **all** once more, "We demand the death of the Nazarene." And **Caiaphas**, listening to the shouts of the people, said to the priests, "Now let Pilate, as he wished, learn the wish of the people!"

Then came *Pilate* with his followers out upon the balcony, and with them came *Jesus*, led by two soldiers, with the crown of thorns upon his head and the scarlet robe about him. The **crowd**, instead of shouting, "Hail, all hail!" as before, shouted violently, "Give judgment! Pass sentence upon him!"

Then **Pilate** spoke, pointing to Jesus, who, with bound hands and the scarlet robe upon his bleeding shoulders, stood between the soldiers, "Behold the man." The **priests and Pharisees** answered, "To the cross with him." **Pilate** pleaded, "Cannot even this pitiful sight awaken any compassion in your hearts?" But the **multitude** answered, "Let him die! To the cross with him!"

Then **Pilate** said, "Take him, and crucify him at your own risk—I will have nothing to do with it, for I find no fault in him."

Then **Caiaphas** said with a loud voice, "Hear, O Governor, the voice of the people. It concurs in our complaint, and demands his death." "Yes," shouted the **crowd** again, "we demand

his death." Then said **Pilate** to the soldiers: "Lead him down, and let Barabbas be brought out of prison. The gaoler must at once deliver him up to the chief lictor." When **Annas** heard Pilate's command, he cried: "Let Barabbas live! Pronounce the death sentence on the Nazarene!" Then the **people** cried again: "To death with the Nazarene!" Then said **Pilate**: "I do not understand this people. Only a few days ago, with rejoicing and joyful clamour, you accompanied this man through the streets of Jerusalem. Is it possible that the same people this day call for death and destruction upon him? That is indeed contemptible fickleness." "The good people," said **Caiaphas**, "have at last learned that they have been deceived by an adventurer, who pretended to be the Messiah, the King of Israel!" "And now," said **Nathanael**, "the eyes of this people are fully opened, and they see that he cannot help himself—he who promised to bring freedom and blessing to the nation." "Israel," said **Ezekiel**, "will recognise no Messiah who allows himself to be taken and bound and treated with scorn." "Let him die, the false Messiah, the deceiver!" cried the **crowd**.

Then **Pilate** spoke unto the people, and said: "Men of Judæa! it is customary that I liberate to you a prisoner at the feast. Look upon these two. One with mild countenance and dignified demeanour, the ideal of a wise teacher, whom you have long honoured as such, convicted of no single evil deed and already humiliated by the severest chastisement. The other, a vicious, savage man, convicted of robbery and murder, a horrible image of a perfect scoundrel. I appeal to your reason, to your human feelings—choose! Which will ye that I shall release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus, who is called the Christ?" Then the **priests and people** cried out together: "Let Barabbas go free." "Will ye not that I release unto you the King of

the Jews?" asked **Pilate**. Then the **priests and people** cried, "Away with him, release unto us Barabbas!" Then said **Caiaphas**: "Thou hast promised to release him whom the people demand." **Pilate** answered shortly to Caiaphas; "I am accustomed to keep my promise without needing a reminder." Then said he to the people: "What shall I do with the King of the Jews?" And the **priests and people** cried, "Crucify him!" "What!" said **Pilate**, "shall I crucify your king?" And the **people** cried: "We have no king but Cæsar." **Pilate** said, "I cannot condemn this man, for I find no fault in him. He has been sufficiently chastised; I will let him go free." Then said the **priests**: "If thou let him go free thou art no friend of Cæsar's." **Caiaphas** added: "He has proclaimed himself king;" and the **priests** said: "Who proclaims himself king is a rebel against Cæsar." And **Nathanael** said: "And is this rebel still to remain unpunished, still to scatter abroad the seed of revolt?" Then cried the **people**: "It is the duty of the Governor to put him out of the way."

Caiaphas, seeing that Pilate hesitated, pressed more vehemently upon him, saying: "We have done our duty as subjects of Cæsar, and delivered this rebel to thee. If thou payest no attention to our accusation and the desire of the people, then are we free from guilt. Thou alone, O Governor! art responsible to Cæsar for the consequences." And **Annas** said: "If on account of this man universal disorder and revolt ensues, then we know who must bear the guilt, and," he added significantly, "Cæsar shall know it also." Then cried the **people** again: "The matter must be brought before Cæsar!" Then

Ezekiel said to Pilate: "They will be astonished when they hear at Rome that Cæsar's viceroy has taken under his protection a traitor whose death the whole people desired." And the **crowd** cried: "Thou must execute him, or otherwise there will be no peace in the land." Then said **Pilate**: "Why, what evil hath he done? I cannot, I dare not, condemn the innocent to death."

Then said **Caiaphas**: "Permit me to ask one question. Why shouldest thou judge this man so carefully when quite recently thou hast allowed thy soldiers to massacre hundreds without judgment or sentence, merely on account of some rebellious outcries?" As Pilate heard the question of Caiaphas he was dismayed, and the **crowd** shouted: "Thou canst not show favour to this man, if thou wilt be a faithful servant of Cæsar."

Then **Pilate's** resolution forsook him, and turning to his servants, he said: "Bring water." **Caiaphas** said unto him: "The people will not go away from this place until thou hast pronounced sentence of death upon the enemy of Cæsar." "Yes," cried the **multitude**, "we will not go from this place till sentence is pronounced." Then said **Pilate** sorrowfully: "Your violence compels me to yield to your desire. Take him hence and crucify him! But see," said he, as he washed his hands in the basin which had been brought at his command: "I wash my hands; I am innocent of the blood of this just man. See ye to it."

Then arose from the excited **multitude** a great and awful cry, in which priests and people joined, speaking as with one voice, "We take it upon ourselves. His blood be upon us and upon our children!" Then said **Pilate**: "Let Barabbas be set free at the demand of the people. Lead him outside the city gate and let him never tread this ground again." The **chief lictor** turned to the soldiers and said, "Take him and follow me." The soldiers then led Barabbas away. The **priests and people** cried: "Now hast thou justly judged." **Pilate** said unto them: "I have given way to your violent demands in order to avoid a greater evil. But in the bloodguiltiness I will have no share. Let it fall upon you and your children as ye have so loudly cried."

Then again the **priests and people** cried, "It is good; let it fall upon us and upon our children." **Annas** said: "We and our children will bless this day and will remember with thankful joy the name of Pontius Pilate." "Long live our Governor," cried the **crowd**; "long live Pontius Pilate!"

Then said **Pilate**: "Bring hither the two murderers who are kept in gaol. Let the chief lictor give them over without delay to the guard. They have deserved death much more than the accused." But the **priests and people** cried: "He has deserved death more than any." **Pilate** said: "The sentence of death must be written out and will be read publicly before all the people."

Aurelius the scribe began to write, and as he wrote, from the street were heard the voices of the **soldiers** who were bringing the thieves, driving them forward. "Will you not move on, you wretches? Have you not long ago deserved your fate? Thrust them on, these outcasts of mankind." When the thieves, driven by the soldiers, came to the foot of the balcony they were halted on the other side of the steps to that where Jesus stood. Then said **Rabbi**, pointing to the thieves: "That is worthy company for the false Messiah on his last journey." **Pilate** said to the thieves: "Of you and your misdeeds the earth shall to-day be free. Ye shall die upon the cross. Let the sentence of death be now read."

Then **Aurelius** stood forward and read thus:—"I, Pontius Pilate, Viceroy in Judæa of the mighty Cæsar Claudius Tiberius, pronounce, at the desire of the High Priests and the Sanhedrin and the people of the Jews, the sentence of death upon a certain Jesus of Nazareth, who is accused of having stirred up the people to revolt, of having forbidden to pay tribute to Cæsar, and of having proclaimed himself King of the Jews. The same shall be crucified outside the city between two malefactors who have been likewise condemned to death for many robberies and murders, and be brought from life to death. Given at Jerusalem on the eve of the Passover."

When the scribe had read the sentence **Pilate** broke a staff, flung it among the people, saying, in tones of great bitterness, "Now take him hence and crucify him!" and went rapidly into the house, leaving Jesus in the hands of the Jews.

"Triumph!" cried **Caiaphas** in wild exultation, "the victory is ours! the enemy of the Synagogue is destroyed." The **priests and people** shouted, "Away with him to Golgotha! Long live the Synagogue! Long live the nation!" Then said **Annas**, "Hasten that we may come home in time to eat the Passover." The **priests and Pharisees** said, "We will keep this Passover with joy, as did our fathers in Egypt." "Now," said **Caiaphas**, "let our triumphal procession go through the midst of Jerusalem." "Where," asked **Rabbi**, "are his disciples? They are invited to cry Hosanna!" Then rushed the **multitude** away, crying, "Up and away, off to Golgotha! Come and see him perish on the cross! O delightful day, the enemy of Moses is overthrown! Ha! now he has his reward! So be it done to every one who despises the law. He deserves the death on the cross. O happy Passover! Now joy will return to Israel. There is an end of the Galilean." And so crying, with wild and savage clamour, they swept back to the street of the Sanhedrin.

THIRD DIVISION.

From the Condemnation by Pilate to the Resurrection.

ACT XV.

PROLOGUE.

The condemnation won by force has been uttered;—
Even now, out to the place of skulls we see Him,
Staggering under the weight of the cross He beareth,
On His last journey.

Once did Isaac willingly bear on his shoulders
Wood for sacrifice up to Mount Moriah,
Where he himself was destined to be victim
By the Almighty.

Jesus, too, bears willingly this sore burden,
Which, through sacrifice of the Sacred Body,
Soon shall be a tree of life for the nations,
Richest in blessing.

For as, once of old in the desert planted,
Moses' brazen serpent to those who looked on it
Brought healing,—salvation, blessing and comfort
This Cross has given us.

TABLEAU XX.

[Two more tableaux bring us to the Crucifixion. The first represents Isaac carrying the wood, with which he was to be burnt, up the slope of Mount Moriah; the second, another scene from the wilderness, full of spirit and life, shows Moses raising the brazen serpent on high so that all who look upon it may live, even though they may have been bitten by the fiery serpents. The stage is crowded with life.]

Worship now, and praise and thank!—
Who the cup of suffering drank
Now the way to death has trod,
Reconciling us to God.

Isaac thus on Mount Moriah
Bore the sacrificial wood,
As, beneath the burden fainting,
Christ on Golgotha hath stood.

Worship now, &c.

TABLEAU XXI.

[The Brazen Serpent.]

Pierced by nails, on high is raised,
On the cross, the Son of Man,
Here you see, in Moses' serpent,
Shadowed forth the sacred plan.

Worship now, &c.

THE WAY TO THE CROSS.

THUS they took Jesus and led him away, and a great multitude followed him. And when *Jesus*, bearing the cross, with the *thieves* also bearing their crosses, was entering the street of Annas, *Mary* the mother of Jesus, with *Mary Magdalene*, and *John*, and *Joseph* of Arimathea, came down the street by Pilate's house. And **Mary** said to John, "O beloved disciple, how will it have gone with my Jesus since thou didst last see him in the

house of Caiaphas?" Then answered **John**, "If the priests could do as they will, then sure enough he would be already among the dead. But they could not carry out the sentence without permission of the Governor. But Pilate, I hope, will not condemn him, as he has never done anything bad, but only what is good." Then prayed **Mary Magdalene**, "O Almighty God, incline the ruler's heart to justice, that he may protect the innocent against the wiles of the wicked." Then said **Mary** the mother of Jesus, "Whither shall we go, O friends, oh whither, that I may but once more see my beloved son? I must see him, but where can I find him? Perhaps, oh perhaps, he lies buried in the deepest dungeon." **Cleophas** said, "Alas! the most loving of teachers in prison!" **Joseph** answered, "There is no one to be seen from whom we can inquire. I know not what it means. Why the place is so deserted." **John** said, "The best thing will be to go to Nicodemus, he surely knows what is happening to our dear Master." "Yes, let us go," said **Mary**, "every moment increases my grief in this uncertainty about the fate of my son." "Be strong in faith, dear mother," said **John**; "whatever happens it is God's will." Suddenly a horrible noise of confused voices and tramping feet was heard in the distance. From the tumult could be heard the words, "On, on, with him!" Mary started, and they all stood listening while the noise came nearer and nearer. "What terrible noise is that?" said **Joseph.** Then stood they all still, listening to hear what it might signify. **Salome** said, "As if of a thousand voices. What can it be?"

As they listened the procession to Golgotha was already halfway down the street of Annas. In front marched the *centurion*, holding in one hand the staff of authority, followed by *Jesus*, staggering painfully under the burden of his cross. Around Jesus stood four *executioners* who brutally goaded him forward. Behind Jesus came the *thieves*, each bearing his own cross. Behind them came *soldiers* carrying spears, in the midst of whom, on a white horse, rode a horseman carrying the Roman banner, on which were the letters S.P.Q.R. By the side of the soldiery walked *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, followed by all the *Council* of the Sanhedrin. All around crowded a numerous multitude, whose shouts were heard almost without intermission. "Let him die!" they cried, "and all who hold with him." Jesus, who had already fallen under the cross, walked slowly and with difficulty. **Agrippa** one of the executioners said unto him, "Is the burden already too heavy?" and the **people** shouted, "Drive him on with violence, that we may get to Golgotha." The second executioner **Faustus** cried, "Take care, or he will be down."

The progress was so slow that not even the head of the procession could be seen from where the two Maries and

John were standing, wondering what the noise might mean. **Joseph** said, "What shall we do? In this commotion we cannot venture into the city." **Salome** faltered, "I tremble with fear." But **Mary** said, "What may this noise signify? Surely it does not concern my son?" As the noise waxed ever louder, **Joseph** said, "It seems as if an insurrection had broken out." Then **John** said, "We had better stop here till the storm passes over."

While they stood waiting and wondering, *Simon* of Cyrene came hastily into the street that lay between those of Pilate and Annas. He carried a basket, and looking anxiously around him said, "I must hasten in order to get into the city. The eve of the feast is coming, and I have only a short time left in which to make my purchases, and get everything ready, so that I may get home in time." Hardly had he said this than he heard the sound of a great outcry, amid which he could only distinguish the words, "Let him not rest! urge him on with blows!" Said **Simon,** "I hear a tumult—an outcry of a crowd—what can have happened in the city? I will keep quiet a little,—perhaps my ears have deceived me." Jesus had fallen faint and had staggered up against the house of Ahasverus, and was there endeavouring to support himself. **Catilina** the third executioner said to him roughly, "It is no use thy fainting. Thou must keep on to Golgotha." Then **Ahasverus** came out of his house, and said, "Be off from my house, here is no place for resting." "On Golgotha he can rest enough," mocked the **crowd. Cleophas** exclaimed, "Ah the wild outcry is not passing away, it is coming near and nearer." **Simon,** who was listening, without being able to see the cause of the commotion, said, "The noise waxes louder. I must hasten to see what it is. What comes there? Ah! I cannot get in here! I will wait and see what happens."

Then, as the procession turned the corner of Annas' street, **Joseph** of Arimathea, listening, said, "I think the crowd is coming out of the city gates"—and **John,** seeing the cross, said, "It appears that someone is being led out to Golgotha

for execution." **Mary**, the mother of Jesus, saw him, and cried out with a piercing wail, "It is he! O God! It is my son! My Jesus!" **John, Mary Magdalene,** and **Salome** support her saying, "Mother, dearest Mother." Jesus meanwhile staggered under the cross, but was forced forward by the **executioners,** grumbling as they did so: "He will drop on the road." The **Centurion,** seeing that Jesus from sheer exhaustion had again fallen, reached him a bottle, saying, "Here, strengthen thyself!" Jesus took it, but did not drink of it. **Mary** cried, weeping, "Ah! there I see him led to death, even as a malefactor, between malefactors." Then said **John,** as he tenderly supported her, "Mother it is the hour of which he has told us before. Such is the will of the Father." Then said the **Centurion** to Jesus, "Wilt thou not drink? Then drive him on." Then **Nero** one of the executioners shook him, saying, "Rouse thyself, lazy King of the Jews!" **Faustus** said, "Forward! pull thyself together!" and **Catilina,** "Do not act thus weakly; we must get on."

Then **Mary** cried as she looked upon the scene, "Oh, where is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

Catilina, seeing that all the efforts to compel Jesus to move forward had failed, said, "He is too much exhausted; someone must help him, otherwise—" Then **Rabbi** seeing Simon of Cyrene, pointed him out, saying, "Here, this stranger——" The **Pharisees** said, "Just seize him!" Then said the **Centurion,** "Come hither, thou hast broad shoulders that can carry something." **Simon,** protesting, said, "I—no—I must——" "Truly thou must," said **Nero,** "otherwise there will be blows." **Simon** began again, "I do not know"—but the **Centurion** interrupted him, saying, "Thou wilt find out soon enough—do not refuse." "Or," said **Faustus,** "Thou wilt feel the weight of my arm." "Flog him if he refuses to go!" said a **Pharisee. Simon** struggled, crying, "Indeed I am innocent; I have commited no crime!" "Silence!" said the **Centurion. Simon** replied, "Only not by force, like this," and then beholding Christ, he said, "What is this I see? This is the holy man from Nazareth!" "Place thy shoulders here!" said **Faustus.** Then said **Simon,** "For the love of thee will I carry it. Oh, would that thereby I could make myself useful to thee!" **Christ,** who stood exhausted on one side, looked upon Simon, and said, "God's blessing be upon thee and thine!"

"Now forward!" said the **Centurion**; "follow thou with the beam of the cross." **Agrippa**, addressing Jesus, said, "Thou canst come quickly enough now." **Catilina**, seeing that Jesus still stood, unable to move, seized him by the neck, and shook him, saying, "See, with what consideration we treat thee! even the cross has been taken from thee." "Dost thou need anything else?" said **Faustus**. „Let him be," said the **Centurion**. "We will now halt a little, that he may recover before we ascend the hill."

While the procession halted, Veronica and the women of Jerusalem approached. **Caiaphas**, meanwhile, chafing with vexation at the delay, exclaimed, "What, still another stoppage!—when shall we come to Calvary?" **Veronica**, coming up to Christ, kneeled before him, and offering him her handkerchief, said, "O Lord, how is thy face covered with blood and sweat! Wilt thou not wipe it off?" **Jesus** took the handkerchief and wiped his face and gave it back to her saying, "Compassionate soul! the Father will reward thee for this!"

Then spoke the **women of Jerusalem**, who drew near to the Lord with their little ones, "Thou good teacher, never-to-be-forgotten benefactor, noblest friend of men, thus art thou rewarded! How we pity thee!" Then they wept. **Christ**, looking upon them in their tears, said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children. For behold the days are coming in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

Another **woman** said, "Alas! how will it be in the future for us and our children?" Another exclaimed: "Woe, Oh dreadful future! Woe to Israel!"

By this time the patience of the **Centurion** was exhausted, and he cried out, "Clear out now these women-folk! We must get on." **Catilina**, pushing them roughly away, said, "What use are your women's tears? Back!" While the other **executioners** cried, as they pushed Jesus forward, "On with thee to the hill of death!" The **crowd** took up the cry and said, "Quick, forward to Calvary!" "Are we really going forward

again?" said **Rabbi**, and **Nathanael** said, shrugging his shoulders, "The Centurion is far too mild." "Do not spare him so much," said a **priest.**

The long procession was once more in motion when there appeared a **servant** from Pilate. This man cried "Halt!" and the procession stopped. "By command of the Governor the Centurion must appear before him as quickly as possible and receive further orders." **Caiaphas** exclaimed, "What does this mean? What new orders are required? The death sentence is pronounced and must be carried out without delay." Then said the **Centurion** bluntly, "No, this will not happen until I have received the further orders of my lord." Then, turning to the soldiers, he said, "Keep watch meanwhile and go with the condemned to Golgotha. Then dismiss this man (Simon) and await my arrival. Everything will there be carried out according to the instructions I am now to receive." The Centurion then went with the servant to Pilate, and the procession set forth again.

The **people** cried wildly, "Up to Golgotha, to the cross with him! To the Cross! Let him die on the Cross! Hail to Israel! The enemy is vanquished! We are free! Long live the Sanhedrin!"

Jesus looked upon his mother as the procession passed the corner of Annas' street, but spoke not. "What awful cries! Oh the blinded people!" said the **women of Jerusalem** following weeping after the procession.

Then said **John**, when the dolorous procession had passed, "Mother, shall we not go back to Bethany? Thou wilt not be able to bear the sight?" But **Mary** answered, "How can a mother leave her child in the last and bitterest need?" **Cleophas** objected, "But evil might befall thee, if they recognised thee as his mother." **Mary** replied, "I will suffer with him, bear scorn and shame with him; die with him!" "Only," said **John**, "if the strength of the body does not give way." "Fear not," said **Mary**, "I have asked strength of God and he has heard me. Let us go after them." All answered, "Best of mothers, we follow thee!" And they slowly followed the procession to Calvary.

ACT XVI.

[The Choir appear clothed in black.]

PROLOGUE.

Ye pious souls, rise up and go,
With grateful penitence aglow,
With me to Golgotha, and see
What shall be done your souls to free
See how the Mediator dies
The atoning death of sacrifice.

Ah! see—with wounds His only covering—
He hangs for you upon the cross,
And Belial's sons, in godless triumph,
Gloat joyful o'er His pain and loss,
While He, whose love for sinners lives,
Is silent, suffers, and forgives.

With horror of dread the sound I hear,
The rending of joints from sockets torn.
When the strokes of the hammer reach the ear,
Where is the heart that was ever born
Sickens not at the blows that beat
The cruel nails through hands and feet?

Up pious souls approach the Lord
Who freely gives Himself for you
Behold Him on the cross of shame
Hanging between the murderers two.
God's Son thus gives for you His blood
Have you no pitying tears to shed?

We hear Him to His Father pray
His murderous enemies to forgive
And soon He gives His life away
That we may ever with Him live
Deep in His side they trust a spear
Which draws us to His heart more near.

Oh! who can this great love conceive
Which loveth even unto death
Instead of hate doth pardon give
And foes doth bless with dying breath.

Offer this love of His
Your heart's best impulses,
His cross before,
For evermore.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

AND when they came to Golgotha, which is, by interpretation, the Place of a Skull, they crucified him there. But first, they hanged the two thieves each on his cross, the one on the left, the other on the right. Their arms were tied over the cross by the hands, and their feet were tied with cord to the beam. But Jesus was nailed to the central cross while it yet lay with the head slightly raised upon the ground. One nail was driven through the palm of each hand, and one through the two feet, which were placed the one above the other. Jesus lay silent without moving. On his head was the crown of thorns, from which a little blood trickled over his brow. His hands and his feet bled a little, but the rest of his body was pale and colourless, a light cloth only being cast around his loins.

The *Centurion*, who had returned from Pilate, stood on the right of the cross giving orders. The *lictors* stood near the soldier on the white horse, who held on high the Roman standard with the letters S.P.Q.R. *Caiaphas*, *Annas*, and all the members of the Sanhedrin stood on the left exulting. A great crowd of sight-seers thronged the place. Among them, coming from behind the Centurion, were the holy women from Bethany with *Mary* the mother of Jesus, and *John*, and *Joseph of Arimathea* and *Nicodemus*.

Then said the **executioners** to the Centurion, "We have finished with these," pointing to the thieves. "Now must the King of the Jews be exalted upon his throne!" Which hearing, the **priests** cried angrily, "Not king! deceiver, traitor!" The **Centurion**, who held in his hand a scroll or escutcheon, said, "First, by command of the Governor, this writing must be fastened to the cross. Faustus," he added, "make fast this title over the cross." **Faustus** took the scroll from the Centurion, and going to the cross, nailed it with one hammer-stroke over the head of Jesus, saying, "Ah, an escutcheon displayed, this is right royal!" When this was done according to the command of the Governor, the **Centurion** said to the executioners, "Now, up with the cross! not carelessly, but lay hold firmly." Then two hangmen taking the cross by the arms, lifted it up so that its foot fell into the hole prepared for it. But as the cross bearing the body of Jesus was heavy **Catilina** placed his back under it near to the feet of Jesus, saying, "Come now, all together," and so helping, raised it on high. **Nero** then filled in the hole at the foot, saying when he finished, "All right, the cross stands firm." Then said the **Centurion**, addressing the chief priests, "The execution is accomplished." "Quite admirably so," said **Caiaphas** with radiant face. "Thanks and applause from us all!" "Yea, thanks and applause from us all!" echoed the **Pharisees**, looking up at the cross. **Caiaphas** then declared, "This shall be a feast day for ever." And the

Pharisees said, "Yes, for all time to come it shall be kept every year with grateful jubilation." "And now," said the aged **Annas**, "now gladly will I be gathered to my fathers since I have lived to have the joy of seeing this wretch on the cross." And as he gazed long, as if exultingly drinking in the pleasure of satisfied vengeance, he saw, for the first time, the writing on the cross. But his old eyes could not decipher the words. Turning to Caiaphas he said, "What does the superscription say. It seems to call him King?" Then the Jews drew nearer to see what was written. The hangmen seated themselves on the ground at the foot of the cross and looked up at Jesus. Then **Rabbi**, reading the words written by Pilate, exclaimed, "That is an insult, an outrage upon the people and the Sanhedrin!' **Caiaphas** hearing him, asked, "What is written?" **Amon**, who had also looked at the inscription, said, "Yes, Rabbi is right. The Sanhedrin cannot allow this to pass." Then said **Rabbi**, "It is written, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!" **Caiaphas**, as if incredulous, approached the cross, and, reading it himself, started back with indignation. "Verily," he cried, "that is an affront upon the honour of our nation." "Down with it at once," cried the **Pharisees**. But **Caiaphas** said, "We dare not touch it ourselves. But do you two," addressing the Rabbi and Saras, "hasten at once to the Governor to demand from him, in the name of the Sanhedrin, and of the assembled people, that the superscription shall be altered. Say to him, 'Write not, The King of the Jews, but that he said, I am King of the Jews.'" "We are off at once," said **Rabbi** and **Saras**. "Stay," said **Caiaphas**, "also request the Governor that he may order the bones of the crucified to be broken and their bodies taken down from the cross before the eve of the Passover. For it would be improper that they should hang on the cross on the day of the holy feast." When Rabbi and Saras departed on their mission, the hangmen, who had been sitting at the foot of the cross, bethought themselves, and **Catilina**, standing up, said, "Now, comrades, let us divide our share." Taking the mantle of Jesus they seized each one corner, and then pulling all together, rent it into four parts.

The coat remained. **Catilina** held it up: "The mantle has made just four pieces, shall we rip up the coat also? See, it is without seam!" "No," said **Faustus**, "it would be better to cast lots for it." "Look," said **Agrippa**, as he went to the foot of the cross and took up his basket: "see here are dice!" Then the four hangmen standing at the feet of Jesus threw the dice. **Agrippa** threw them first, saying, "I will try my luck first. Alas, that is too little," he added, as he counted up the result of his throw, "I have lost." **Catilina**, as he rattled the dice in his hand, looked up at Jesus and said, "Hi! you up there, if you can still work miracles on the cross, give me good luck."

The others shrugged their shoulders, and said, "What does he care about us?" Catilina's throw was not high. Then **Nero** said, "I ought to have better luck," and throwing the dice he counted fifteen. "Nearly enough; now, Faustus, it is your turn." **Faustus** threw the dice, saying, "I ought to get it." They all bent over to see the result. "Eighteen," cried **Catilina**, "that is the best yet." Then said **Agrippa**, "Take it," handing him the mantle, "it is thine, take it away." And **Nero** consoled himself by saying, "You are not to be envied!" Faustus gathered up the coat, and folding it up put it away.

By this time **Rabbi** and **Saras** returned from Pilate, and coming back to Caiaphas they said, "Our mission was in vain. The Governor would not listen to us." **Caiaphas** indignantly asked, while the priests and Pharisees crowded around, "Did he give you no answer at all?" "This only," said **Rabbi**, "What I have written I have written." "Intolerable!" said **Annas**. **Caiaphas** also was much perturbed. But collecting himself he asked, "What did he order about the breaking of the bones?" "About this matter he said he would give his orders to the Centurion," answered **Rabbi**.

Then seeing that no more could be done, the Jews began to revile Jesus, going up to the cross and wagging their heads and scoffing at him. **Josue**, the priest, went up first and said, "So then it remains written, King of the Jews. Behold, if thou art King of Israel, come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe." And all the Jews laughed together.

Then said **Eliezer**, "Thou that destroyest the Temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself!" And **Caiaphas** said, "Ha! He saved others! Himself he cannot save." "Come down," cried **Nun one of the witnesses**. "Art thou not the Son of God?" And **Annas** said, "He trusted in God; let him deliver him now if he will have him." Then cried the **hangmen**, "What! don't you hear? Show thy power, mighty King of the Jews!" And so the sport went on.

Then **Jesus**, who all this time had hung motionless and silent, slowly and with pain raised his head, which had been bowed down, and said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!"

Hearing Jesus speak, the **Thief** who was crucified on his left said unto him, "Hearest thou? If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the **other Thief**, who was crucified on the right, answered and said, "Dost not thou fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we

receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss." Then, turning to Jesus, he said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" Then **Jesus** looked upon him and said, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"Listen to that," cried **Caiaphas**, scornfully; "he speaks as if he had power over the gates of Paradise." "What," said **Rabbi**, "have not his pride and presumption deserted him even as he hangs helpless on the cross?" And they were wroth with Jesus.

During all this time *Mary* the mother of Jesus and *John* had been slowly approaching the cross, and now they stood immediately below Jesus, Mary on the right, John on the left. Then **Jesus**, beholding them, said to Mary, "Mother behold thy son!" And slowly and with difficulty turning his head to see John, **Jesus** added, "Son, behold thy mother!"

Then **Mary** cried in ecstasy of love and adoration, "Even in dying Thou carest still for thy mother!" And **John**, tenderly supporting Mary, but looking above to Jesus, exclaimed, "Thy last request is sacred to me!" And then to Mary he said. "Thou my mother, I thy son."

Then **Jesus**, in a hollow voice, cried hoarsely, "I thirst."

The **Centurion** hearing him, said, "He thirsts and calls for drink." Then said **Faustus**, "I will reach him some at once." Then, taking the reed with the sponge, he filled it with vinegar and passed it to the Centurion, who, taking a small phial from his dress, poured hyssop on the sponge. Faustus then reached the sponge up to the lips of Jesus. But Jesus turned away his head and would not drink. "Here, drink," said **Faustus**. "What, wilt thou not?" and seeing that Jesus would not touch the sponge, he took it away.

Then **Jesus** cried in agony, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

But those hearing him did not understand, but imagined he cried for Elias.

"Hark!" said they; "he crieth for Elias."

Then **Caiaphas** laughed and said, "Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him."

Then **Jesus**, raising his head with a great effort to heaven, and breathing heavily, cried with a loud voice and said, "It is finished. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

And as Jesus spoke these words his head fell forward on his breast and he gave up the ghost. Then there was a great earthquake and thunder and lightning, and a great darkness, at which all were astonished.

The **priests** and the **people** cried out saying, "What a dreadful earthquake. Do you hear the crash of falling rocks? Woe, woe be to us!" But the **Centurion** said, "Certainly this was a righteous man." Another **soldier** replied, "God himself bears

him witness by these convulsions of nature." The **Centurion** said, "Oh, his patience in the worst agony, his noble calm, this last loud cry to heaven at the moment before death, all betoken his divine origin. Verily he is the son of a God!"

The people in alarm departed. "Come, neighbours," said **Gaddi**; "I will remain no longer in this terrible place." "Yes," cried **Helon**, "let us go home, and may God have mercy on us!" And others, smiting their breasts, cried, "Almighty God, we have sinned! Forgive us."

And so it came to pass that no one remained round the cross but the holy women and John, and the friends of Jesus, with the hangmen.

The chief priests and the rulers still stood together marvelling, near the cross of the repentant thief, when suddenly a **Temple servant** came rushing into their midst, breathless with haste. "High priests and assembled Council!" he exclaimed, "a fearful thing has occurred in the Holy Place! I tremble in every limb!" "What is it?" cried **Caiaphas** in alarm. "Not the Temple!" "Has it fallen?" said **Annas**. "No," said the **servant**, "not that, but the veil of the Temple has been rent in twain from the top to the bottom. I hastened hither with staggering feet and feared the whole world was bursting asunder with the shock." "Dreadful!" exclaimed the **priests** and **Pharisees**, throwing up their hands. But **Caiaphas** said, "It is that wretch who has done this by his magic arts. What a blessing it is that he is out of the world! Otherwise he would bring all the elements into disorder."

Then all the **priests** and **Pharisees** raised up their voices and cried, shaking their fists against Jesus, "Cursed be the ally of Beelzebub!"

"Now," said **Caiaphas**, "let us hurry home and see what has happened; then we will come back at once. For I cannot rest till I have seen this fellow's bones broken and the corpse flung into the grave of the transgressors."

When Caiaphas and Annas and all the rulers of the Jews had departed, **Nicodemus** having overheard the parting words of Caiaphas said to *Joseph of Arimathea*, "Shall the holy body of the Son of God be delivered over to such dishonour as to be flung into the grave of the 'Evil-doers'? Can that not be

avoided?" "Listen, friend," said **Joseph**, "what I have decided to do. I will go straightway to Pilate, and will implore him to give me the body of Jesus. He can hardly refuse me this favour. Then we will pay the last honours to our beloved teacher." "Do so, by all means," said **Nicodemus**. "Hasten hither and I will bring the spices to embalm him." They having departed, the holy women, trembling, drew round the cross. "Fear not, good women," said the **Centurion**, "no harm shall happen to you."

Then **Mary Magdalene** clasped the cross with both her arms, pressed it to her breast, and cried through her tears as she looked up at the silent and lifeless form above, "O! dearest Master, my heart hangs with thee on the cross!"

Then entered a **servant of Pilate**, and, addressing the Centurion, said unto him, "This is the command of my lord the Governor. Break the legs of the crucified, and take down their bodies. Everything must be over before the eve of the Passover begins."

The **Centurion** said, "It shall be done at once. Men, first break the legs of these two." **Catilina** said, "Come let us put this heart-breaking business through without further delay." Then the hangmen took ladders and placed them against the crosses of the thieves. **Catilina**, seizing a strong club, then mounted the ladder against the cross on the right hand. "Strike," said **Faustus**, "so as to kill him." Then Catiline smote the penitent thief heavily over each of the thighs and then across the shoulder bone. As the blow fell the man's head fell forward, and he gave up the ghost. "There," said **Catilina**, "he wakes no more." In like manner did **Nero** to the thief on the left hand, saying, "I will hasten the other out of the world." When the blows were falling upon the body of the thief, **Mary** the mother of Jesus, who had watched with terror the blows of the hangmen, cried out, shuddering, "O my Son, they will surely not deal so cruelly with thy holy body!" **Nero** called out to the thief, "Movest thou no more? No, thou hast had enough. I have given thee thy wages." Then coming down from the ladder, they made ready to break the legs of Jesus.

But as the hangman approached the foot of the cross with the ladder and the club, **Mary Magdalene** sprang before him, and, thrusting him back with her slender arm, cried piteously, "Oh! spare him! spare him!" Then **Catilina**, looking up at Jesus, said: "Behold! he is already dead. There is no need, therefore, to break his legs." "But," said **Faustus**, "in order to make sure, I will pierce his heart with a spear." Then, grasping a lance, he thrust it into the right side of Jesus, and forthwith there spurted out blood and water. John, who was looking up with the holy women, shuddered as the spear entered the side of Jesus. **Mary Magdalene**, turning to Mary, said: "Oh, mother,

that thrust has pierced thy own heart also." Then said the **Centurion**: "Now take down the bodies from the crosses!" "Where," said **one of the hangmen,** "shall we put them?" The **Centurion** replied: "As ordered, into the grave of the malefactors." Then said **Mary**, with a terrible sob: "What a word—it pierces my heart anew!" "Ladders here," said **Nero,** "we shall soon have them down." Then the hangmen unfastened the cords which bound the thieves to their crosses, and, mounting the ladder, received their bodies in their arms and bore them away.

While they were busy **Mary Magdalene** went to the Centurion, and said unto him, "May we not even pay the last honours to our friend?" "Alas," said the **Centurion,** "it is not within my power to permit this."

Then came back *Caiaphas* and *Annas* and all the *rulers* of the Sanhedrin from the Temple to Golgotha. **Caiaphas,** speaking as they approached, said, "It will be all the more delightful to see the body of this evildoer cast into the pit of shame, because we have witnessed the destruction he has brought to pass within the Temple." **Annas** answered, "What joy it would be if my eyes could see him torn limb from limb by wild beasts!" "Ha," said **Caiaphas,** as they saw the hangmen bearing off the bodies of the thieves, "they are already being taken down. Now we shall soon see our ardent desires fulfilled."

Hardly had Caiaphas and the priests approached the cross, when from the other side there came *Joseph of Arimathea* and with him a *servant* of Pilate. The **servant** said to the Centurion, "The governor has sent me to inquire of thee whether it can really be true that Jesus of Nazareth is already dead, as this man has informed him?" "It is so, indeed," replied the **Centurion**, pointing to the cross, "look for yourself. Besides, for complete certainty, his heart has been thrust through with a lance!" "Then," said the **servant,** "I have orders to inform you that the body is to be delivered over to this man Joseph of Arimathea, as a gift from Pilate." And having said this he departed.

"Oh, blessed tidings!" cried the **holy women** still gathered together around the foot of the cross. But the Jews, hearing the message, waxed furious, and **Rabbi,** speaking of Joseph, said to the chief priests and rulers, "The traitor of the Synagogue, he has foiled us again." "And spoiled our triumph," said **Annas**. But **Caiaphas** would not submit, and said, haughtily, "We shall not tolerate it that his body shall be laid anywhere else than in the grave of the transgressors."

The **Centurion** replied, "As the body is given to this man, it is obvious that he can bury it where and how he will. There is no disputing that."

Then said he to the soldiers and executioners, "Men, our work is done. We will return."

Then the hangmen gathered up their basket and their cord, their dice, and the fragments of Christ's mantle, and departed. With them went the Centurion and his band, leaving Caiaphas and the Jews face to face with the holy women and their friends at the foot of the cross. The Jews were exceeding wroth, and raged among themselves against the Centurion.

Then said **Annas**, "As the body is now in the hands of his friends, we must be on our guard, for this deceiver while he was yet alive, said that in three days he would rise again."

Rabbi said, "They could easily practise a new deception on the people and make fresh trouble for us. His disciples might take his body away secretly and then give out that he had risen from the dead." "In that case," said **Caiaphas**, "the last error would be worse than the first. Let us therefore go at once to Pilate and ask him for a guard of soldiers to keep watch over the grave till the third day." Then they departed to go to Pilate.

His enemies, having left his friends alone round the cross, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea set about taking down the body of Jesus. Bringing the ladders, Joseph mounted on the shorter one that was placed in front, while Nicodemus ascended the longer one behind. Joseph had with him a roll of linen so long, that after putting it round the body of Jesus, the ends, hanging over the cross, reached to the ground, where they were held by *Simon* of Bethany and *Lăzarus*. Then after taking off the crown of thorns, Nicodemus took the pincers and began to pull out the nails from the hands of Jesus and bent the stiffening arms lovingly away from the Cross. While they were thus engaged the Magdalen and Mary talked together. "At last," said **Mary Magdalene**, "the madmen have departed! Be comforted, beloved mother, now we are alone with our friends; the mockery and blasphemy are past, and a holy evening stillness surrounds us." **Mary** said, "O my friends! What my Jesus suffered, this mother's heart suffered with him. Now he has finished his work and entered into the rest of his Father. Peace also and trust from heaven fills my soul." "Yes Mother," said **Magdalene**, "remember the words that he spoke to thee when he departed from Bethany. Thou shouldst share his death struggle, and also his victory with him." "That," said **Mary**, "is my hope. My comfort." **Magdalene** comforted her, saying, "He is not taken from us for ever we shall see him again, that he promised and his word is truth." "And for the present

he has left us a priceless treasure, this his holy body," said **Salome** to aleviate the pain of separation." "God be thanked," said **John** fervently, "that after all the sacred body has not been taken from us, was not given over to contemptuous dishonour." "See," exclaimed **Cleophas**, "the earthly remains of our glorified master are now being lowered." "Oh, noble men!" said **Mary** to Joseph and Nicodemus, "make haste and bring me the body of my beloved son." **Magdalene** said, "Mother, wilt thou not rest a little here, while we prepare his resting place at thy feet?" Then seating herself on a stone a little to the right of the cross, Mary waited while her friends made ready to receive the body of Jesus. "Come, my companions," said **Salome**, "and help me to prepare the winding sheet to receive the body." They spread the linen on the ground at Mary's feet, placing one end upon her lap.

By this time Nicodemus had extracted the second nail which was in the left hand, and Joseph had taken the nail from the feet of Jesus. Then Simon and Lazarus, holding the ends of the linen roll, slowly lowered the body into the arms of Joseph of Arimathea. "Oh, come!" said **Joseph**, "thou sweet and holy burden; let me take thee upon my shoulders." Then with the body of Jesus resting upon his shoulders Joseph began to descend the ladder. **Nicodemus** had already come down and awaited him at the foot of the cross. Spreading out his arms to receive the body of Jesus, he said, "Come, thou holy body of my only friend, let me embrace thee." Then they carried the body of Jesus and placed it on the linen winding sheet that was prepared for it on his mother's lap. **Nicodemus**, looking at the wounds, sighed, "How the rage of thy enemies hath thorn thy flesh!"

"Now," said **John**, "the best of sons rests once more on the bosom of the best of mothers." **Mary** looked down upon the pale, bloodspotted face of Jesus, and then, sighing heavily, she said, "O, my Son, how is thy body covered with wounds." "Mother," said **John**, "from these wounds flowed salvation and blessing for mankind." **Mary** rests Christ's head upon her knee and holds his hand. "Ah," she sighed, "Once at Bethlehem! Now on Calvary! That then was the way the Father had destined for Thee." "See, mother," said the **Magdalen**, who stood on her right hand, "how the peace of heaven rests in death upon his face." Then said **Nicodemus**, who had brought some ointment, "let us anoint him, and then wrap him in this new linen." He then poured the ointment into all the wounds on the body of Jesus. "He shall be laid," said **Joseph of Arimathea**, "in my new grave which I have prepared in the rock in my garden." But before they could fold him in the winding sheets, **Salome** came near, kneeling, raised to her lips the pierced left hand of Jesus, saying, "Oh, best of Masters! One more loving

tear upon thy lifeless body." Then came the **Magdalen** on the right hand, and, kneeling down, stooped low and kissed the right hand, saying, "Oh, let me once more kiss the hand which has so often blessed me." **Cleophas** said, "Ah will this hand never bless us again? Will this mouth, which made known to us the words of Salvation never speak to us again?" Then said **John**, "He will keep his word. We shall see him again! The loving heavenly friend."

"Help me," said **Joseph** to Nicodemus, "to bear him into the garden." "Blessed am I," said **Nicodemus**, "that I may lay to rest the remains of him who was sent from God." Then, taking up the body, they bore it away. Then said **John** to Mary and the other women, "Let us follow to the spot where the treasure of our hearts will rest." "It is the last honour," said **Mary**, "that I can do my Jesus."

"Come, Friend," said **Joseph** to Nicodemus, "to mourn his death and **Nicodemus** replied as they all went out, "Oh this man so full of truth and inspiration. How has he had such a fate."

ACT XVII.

PROLOGUE.

Now is all accomplished! Peace and Joy are ours
His conflict gives us freedom, and life His death
Now with love and gratitude
Doth glow the heart of the redeemed.

Now doth the Holy One rest within the tomb
Though but for brief repose; for our anointed Lord
Pure and by decay untouched
From the dead will rise again.

Then will the Lord with might burst from the tomb
Out of the darkest night, beaming with radiance
To His foes confusion
He ascends to His glory.

BURIAL SONG.

Softly rest now, sacred body.
Rest in peace from pain and labour
In the stillness of the grave.

Softly rest within earth's bosom
Till that Thou art glorified;
Never shall Thy flesh corruption
See, though Thou for us hast died.

Christians, low in adoration
Bow your heads as here ye stand:
By His grave ye have your station,
Who for gifts of consecration
Doth a simple heart demand.

THE RESURRECTION.

On the morning of the third day since Jesus had been crucified, before the sun had arisen, the four soldiers who were appointed to watch the grave sat outside the tomb where the body of Jesus had been laid. One of them **Cajus** awaking, cried, "Brothers, is not the night nearly over?" Then said **Titus**, "The sky is already reddening in the east; a beautiful Spring day is beginning to dawn."

Hardly had he said these words when there was a great earthquake. **Pedius,** springing up, exclaimed, "Immortal gods! what a fearful shock." "The earth is splitting!" cried **Rufus.** Then there was a peal of thunder. **Titus** called out, "Away from the rock!—it is tottering—it is falling!" and the stone which had been rolled up into the mouth of the sepulchre fell down with a crash.

Jesus arose. For a moment he appeared at the mouth of the sepulchre, radiant in white apparel, while the **Watch** fell on their faces to the ground, crying out, "Ye gods, what do we see?" "A fire from heaven **is** blinding my eyes!" said **Titus.** Jesus then passed out through the door of the sepulchre, and went down the garden out of sight.

After a while the **soldiers,** who were lying prostrate on the ground, said to each other, "Brother, what has happened to us?" "I saw in the grave," said **Pedius,** "a form like that of a man; but his face was like the lightning and his garments were whiter than snow." "I also," said **Cajus.** "I saw the form! The higher powers have to do with this!" They then stood up and saw the open door of the sepulchre, from which the stone had fallen. Then said **Titus,** "The stone is rolled away from the grave. The grave is open. And the garden door is bolted." Then they went with fear and trembling to the door

of the sepulchre, and **Rufus**, looking in, said, "I do not see the corpse." Then **Pedius**, going farther inside, said, "Here is the linen cloth lying, in which the body was wrapped. He has gone out of the grave." **Titus** said, "He must have risen again, as no one came into the garden." Then said **Rufus**, "It has happened thus, as the priests would not believe and yet feared." And **Pedius** answered, "He has fulfilled his word!" "Yes," said **Titus**, "he has kept his word. Let us hasten to the Pharisees, and tell them what has happened." **All** replied at once, "That we will," and they hastened away.

The soldiers had scarcely disappeared when *Mary Magdalene*, *Salome* and *Joanna* came bearing spices which they had prepared. "Oh how I rejoice," said the **Magdalen**, "that we are able to render this service to our dear Master." But **Salome**, voicing all their fears, said "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" Approaching near they see that the stone is rolled back and **Mary Magdalene** joyfully exclaimed. "Ah! look! The grave is open. The stone is rolled away." Hastening forward to see what this should mean they perceived a young man arrayed in a white robe and they were amazed, but this **Angel** said unto them: "Be not amazed. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which hath been crucified—he is risen—he is not here." In surprise **Joanna** exclaimed "So he has really risen" and **Salome** urged "Let us hasten and tell this heavenly message to his Disciples."

They hurry away leaving Mary Magdalene alone before the tomb. She weeping saw **Jesus** standing before her and knew him not. But He said unto her "Mary" and **she** in joyful tones exclaimed "Oh that is His voice!" and approaching him she whispered "Rabboni" and would have touched him. But **Jesus** answered and said "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father. But go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." And so saying he vanished from her sight. Then **Mary Magdalene** sadly looking about her said. "Oh my teacher! He has vanished, I shall never see him again," then a great peace came over her and with a radiant face she went on. "But I have seen him! I have again heard the dear voice. He has come again to life, the holy and com-

passionate friend of sinners—the Saviour of all who believe in him! Oh that I could proclaim this abroad throughout the whole world, so that the Mountains and the Rocks, the Heavens and the Earth echo and reecho the glad news!" —

Hallelujah! He is risen!

CONCLUDING ACT.

PROLOGUE.

He is risen! Heavenly ones, rejoice!
He is risen! Mortals, raise your voice,
For Juda's lion, who was dead,
Lives, and has crushed the serpent's head.

Firm stands our faith,—and hope the joyfullest
Is by this pledge awakened in our breast—
Of our eternal life to be—
Cry "Hallelujah," gloriously.

We saw Him enter once Jerusalem,
In lowliness—no crown or diadem—
Before we part, now let us see
The triumph of His victory.

Into His highest glory now He goes:
The New Jerusalem in beauty glows,
There will He gather round Him all
His blood hath rescued from the fall.

Strengthened with joy and courage by this sight,
Go home, friends, full of love for Him, whose might
Of love has rescued you from death
And still, in heaven, cherisheth.

There when it sounds,—the everlasting strain
Of victory—"Praise the Lamb, who once was slain,"
Gathered round Him who vanquished pain,
We all one day shall meet again!

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

Overcome, yea, overcome
Has our Hero-Lord the might
Of his foes, and from the gloom
Of the grave brought life and light.

Sing to Him in joyous psalms,—
Strew before Him victory palms!
Risen, risen is the Lord!
Cry, ye Heavens, to Him in praise,
Earth! the victor-anthem raise,
Hallelujah! Thou Adored!

THE ASCENSION.

TABLEAU XXII.

[The closing tableau represents the Ascension. Christ robed in white, holding a palm-branch in his hand, stands in the midst of his disciples. Close to him are his Mother and Mary Magdalene, and John and Peter. As he blesses them, he slowly and almost imperceptibly begins to ascend into the air, the Apostles and the Holy Women following him with looks of intense adoration. When he reaches the centre of a great company of angels the curtain falls, and the "Passion Play" is over, except for the last jubilant song of the Schutzgeister, who resume their semi-circle on the stage and sing the last line with as much vigour as if they had not been off and on the stage some twenty times.]

Oh! praise the Victor over death,
Who was condemned on Gabbatta,
Praise Him who sinners ransometh,
And died for us on Golgotha.

Let us, the crown of victory bringing
To Him who rose and lives for aye,
The new, glad song of triumph singing,
Spread joy throughout the world to-day.

Praise to Thee who on the altar
Gave for us Thy precious self
Thou hast purchased our salvation
After death—Eternal life.

Hallelujah!

Praise, Honour, Adoration, Power and Majesty be unto Thee from Everlasting to Everlasting!

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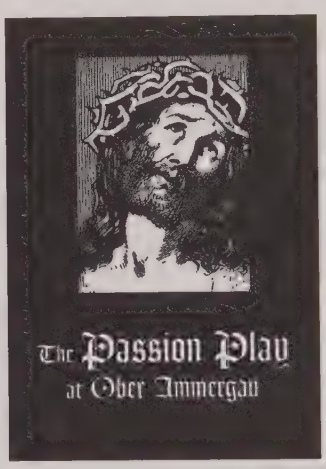

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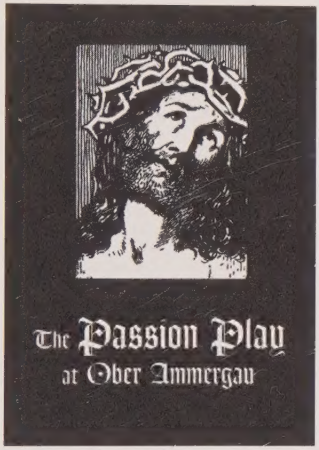

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This volume is not a "translation" of the historic uncensored Oberammergau script, *per se*, but is, instead, an early 20th century English-language descriptive account of the Passion Play at Oberammergau as compiled by an observer who saw the play in 1910. A reading of the actual script of the Passion Play—or really of any play or any modern-day motion picture whatsoever—can be quite dry, even wooden. The words of a script do not always capture the nuances of the action onstage or the elements of a scene. Simply put: a simple script is nothing like viewing an actual play or a film, no matter how dramatic nor no matter how eloquent the words spoken.

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